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BLACK BOX

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AT GILMANS

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CHINA



ESTABLISHED 1945

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No. 36106

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

SAXONE  
Shoes for Men  
MADE IN SCOTLAND  
Whiteaways  
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

# AUSTRIAN STATE TREATY

# TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

## Textilists

REACTIONS to Lancashire's mean about the current plight of her textile industries and the demand for government action can and do vary from unqualified sympathy and support to outright dismissal of both the plaint and the plea. That Lancashire's textiles are in the doldrums there is no disputing; that this is in some measure due to intense competition from imported cloth must be acknowledged; that world markets are no longer the exclusive possession of the Lancashire mills, and that overseas demand for their products has declined are also established facts. But the remedy for this state of affairs is not so easily discernible.

Hongkong recognises the dilemma which faces both the British textile industry and the Imperial government, and wonders what the President of the Board of Trade has in mind in the way of aiding Lancashire by new restrictive measures against imported textiles. There have been past (but quite recent) assurances that the government has no intention of applying either quotas to Commonwealth-produced commodities, or removing any of the concessions embodied in the Imperial Preference agreements. Hongkong certainly hopes there will be no renunciation of these promises.

RESTRICTIVE measures to bolster home industries are not in themselves sound long-term policies. Nor do they always do industry the most good. As the Economist has pointed out, "such agreements may not be as vicious nor, indeed, as effective, as they are sometimes said to be, but they do coddle the inefficient; to that extent they are helping the industry to dig its own grave." Lancashire feels entitled to expect some protection from undue, and at times unfair, competition, but the present sad state of its textile industry is not wholly the cause of fierce price competition. While many mills have improved their modern techniques it remains true that the industry as a whole has done little to bring itself up to date. This is where British textile manufacturers can help themselves and make a positive contribution towards solving the heavy problem of world competition. Aid there should be, but not coddling.

## Likely To Be Signed In Month's Time

Washington, Apr. 22.

The Foreign Ministers of the Western Powers and the Soviet Union might meet in Vienna about May 15 to sign the Austrian state treaty "if all goes well", an authoritative American source said today.

The source said the Big Four could meet if the Soviet Union raised no obstacles to the conclusion of the Treaty.

The Western Powers, in identical notes transmitted to the Soviet Foreign Ministry today, suggested that preparatory work for the conference begin on May 2 among their ambassadors in Vienna and an Austrian representative.

The May 15 date would permit the Foreign Ministers to meet shortly after the meeting of the Atlantic Council in Paris from May 9 to 11.

The source pointed out, however, that general elections are scheduled to be held in Britain on May 26. It is not yet known whether or not the British Government wants to wait until after the elections to hold the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers.

Meanwhile, two State Department officials, Richard Gooding and legal adviser Donald Wehner, were scheduled to leave here today for Vienna to take part in preparatory meetings of the Western ambassadors, prior to the opening of talks with the Soviet Ambassador.

The text of the United States note to Russia reads:

"The government of the United States, in consultation with the British and French governments, has considered the Soviet government's note of April 19 proposing a conference of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, the United States and France, with Austrian representatives participating, in order to discuss the question of concluding a state treaty for the re-establishment of an independent democratic Austria and in order to sign that treaty."

**VIEW WELCOMED**  
"The government of the United States welcomes the Soviet Government's view that possibility now exists of concluding the Austrian state treaty. It would be pleased to participate at the earliest possible moment in a meeting of the foreign ministers of the four powers together with the representatives of Austria in order to sign the treaty."

"From the information it has received regarding the exchanges

between the Austrian and Soviet ministers in Moscow, it is clear that some preparatory work still remains to be done. Recalling the tripartite declaration of April 5, it suggests that the ambassadors of the four powers in Vienna should meet at a very early date, with the participation of Austrian representatives, to reach the necessary agreements for the early signature of the state treaty by the foreign ministers. It would therefore propose that the ambassadors, together with Austrian representatives, should meet in Vienna on May 2.

"As soon as the necessary preparations have been completed, the earliest practicable date should then be set for the foreign ministers to meet and sign the treaty." — France-Press.

## 70% OF AREA WRECKED

Athens, Apr. 22.

Engineers estimate that earthquake shocks in the area of Volos in Eastern Greece on Tuesday and Thursday destroyed 35 per cent of the houses and rendered another 35 per cent uninhabitable.

About 50,000 people in the Volos region are reckoned to be without homes as a result of the earthquakes. Some 500 tents have been erected to shelter a majority of the women and children.

An additional 2,000 tents have been rushed to the stricken area by truck, rail and air. Volos is the third largest industrial town in Greece and the government is taking steps to ease the plight of workers who will be out of jobs for the next 12 months.

The King and Queen of Greece left today aboard the destroyer Navarin to visit Volos. — France-Press.

## Half-Pages Of Pictures In China Mail

Next week the China Mail is to make a new contribution to pictorial journalism in Hongkong.

On Monday will be published a unique single picture spread over half a page, of the scene last Thursday afternoon of the Queen's Birthday garden party at Government House.

On Tuesday will appear another pictorial half-page of exclusive photographs of the Queen's Birthday parade. These will be presented in attractive composite form and will vividly portray this annual event.

## Harping On Same Old Accusation

London, Apr. 22.

The Communist Peking People's Daily today accused Britain of "evading responsibility" for the crash off Sarawak on April 11 of an Indian Constellation airliner carrying members of the Chinese delegation to Bandung for the Afro-Asian conference.

In an article quoted by the New China News Agency, the newspaper said 12 days had passed "since the American and Chinese Kai-shhek secret agents in Hongkong, in co-act of pre-meditated sabotage, caused the crash" and in this way murdered the passengers.

The article accused British authorities of not having taken a serious view of a Chinese warning before the aircraft took off from Hongkong that sabotage might be attempted.

Even in a note to the Peking government on April 17 strongly protesting against Chinese Communist accusations, Hongkong authorities took all steps to ensure the safety of the passengers and aircraft while they were in Hongkong.

Of the eight crew and 11 Communist officials and journalists in the plane, only three, all members of the crew, survived. — Reuter.

## Churchill Backs Peer's Campaign

London, Apr. 22.

Sir Winston Churchill has come to the support of a political rival who does not want to sit in the House of Lords, it was disclosed today.

Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Labour Member of Parliament, seeks to renounce his hereditary rights when his father dies. He said today he had received a letter from Sir Winston supporting his case.

Mr Benn intends to produce the letter when a renunciation bill comes up in the House of Lords on Tuesday. His father is Viscount Stansgate. — United Press.

## CHOU EN-LAI ADAMANT

## No Progress At Bandung Over Formosa Ceasefire

Washington, Apr. 22.

Diplomatic observers here now seem to be giving up hope that some major development bringing closer a ceasefire in the Formosan area might emerge from the Afro-Asian conference at Bandung.

When the conference started cautious hopes were expressed in official circles that the leaders of the "uncommitted" nations of Asia might be able to persuade Mr Chou En-lai to make some conciliatory declaration renouncing the use of force, if only temporarily, as a means of settling the future of Formosa.

It was thought that such a declaration might create an atmosphere in which world leaders could seek to bring about some sort of peaceful modus vivendi or undeclared ceasefire between Nationalists and Communists without prejudice to their claims upon Formosa or the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu.

But reports from the Bandung conference now give the impression that the resistance of Mr Chou, the Chinese Prime Minister, to making any such gesture rises rather than falls as the conference runs into deadlock and the proposed eight-nation "side-talk" on Formosa are postponed and postponed.

**LOUDER THAN WORDS**

Meanwhile, the rapidly increasing Chinese military buildup on the mainland opposite Formosa is seen as expressing more loudly than words the determination of China to resort to force to obtain first the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu and then Formosa and the Pescadores.

Since neither the Ceylonese Premier, Sir John Kotelawala, the Indian Premier, Mr Nehru, nor Mr Nehru's assistant, Mr Krishna Menon, has made any progress with Mr Chou En-lai, there has been some speculation here that the Burmese delegation at Bandung would be the next group logically to see what they could do.

There was considerable interest in a dispatch from the chief Far Eastern correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, Gordon Walker, yesterday which said that Burma's Ambassador to Washington, Mr James Barrington, "would by a more eligible and responsible individual to approach the Chinese Communists than those who have already tried."

Mr Barrington is one of the most popular and highly respected Asian ambassadors in Washington and officials today pointed out that expressions of affection for both the Communist and non-Communist sides made in the past by the Burmese Premier, U Nu, made it logical to regard Burma as a mediator between them. — Reuter.

## LORRY TOPPLES OVER

A contractor's lorry, working on a new building site overlooking Macdonnell Road, this morning toppled over and rolled into the side of the road. The driver of the lorry was taken to hospital.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 8: Crash Dive in the North Sea, by Ralph Barker, a Goldfish Club adventure story.

P. 9: William Bury concludes his series "Backroom Boys of Hongkong's CID": A Ghost hunts the Krimlin, by John Atkinson.

P. 10: Saturday short story, "The Oldest Trick in the World," a "Did-It-Happen" story by Eric Williams.

P. 15 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

## DR SALK HONOURED

Washington, Apr. 22.

Handing over to Dr Jonas E. Salk, the discoverer of the anti-polio vaccine, a "Special Citation" awarded by the United States to the "Benefactors of Mankind," President Eisenhower said tonight that there were "no words in which adequately to express the thanks of myself and all the people I know, to say nothing of all the people in the world."

Dr Salk was honoured tonight in a ceremony in the White House, which was resplendent with azaleas for the occasion. His anti-polio vaccine, released for general use by the United States Government last week, was described by the President as "a signal and historic contribution to human welfare."

Dr Salk, whose wife and three boys were present at the ceremony, modestly replied that his discovery was the result of team work and he hoped that they might "have the opportunity to see again in our lifetime the beginning of the end of other fears that plague mankind." — France-Press.

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Laddie  
Poony  
Norse Lady  
Outsider—Dilly.

RACE 2

Ambition  
Lure Triomphe  
Rainbow  
Outsider—Norse Girl.

RACE 3

Ironside  
Empire Delight  
Strathgiffer  
Outsider—Free Success.

RACE 4

Night People  
Winnome Stag  
Resurrection  
Outsider—Sportsmanship.

RACE 5

Shiraz  
Skylon  
Chorackie  
Outsider—Can Do.

RACE 6

Jingle Bell  
Firefly  
Strathgiffer  
Outsider—Ben Lemon.

RACE 7

Treasureland  
Bengal Lancer  
Squadron Leader  
Outsider—Kentucky Lad.

RACE 8

First Lady  
Many Returns  
Green Velvet  
Outsider—Rider's Wish.

RACE 9

Conqueror  
Straight Flush  
Tall-moore  
Outsider—Sunstroke.

RACE 10

Cordon Rouge  
Fibre  
Apple Pie  
Outsider—Corvette.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Congratulation  
Dilly  
Norse Lady  
Outsider—Easy-going.

RACE 2

Ambition  
Eudora  
Rainbow  
Outsider—Lure Triomphe.

RACE 3

New Love  
Strathgiffer  
Peachums  
Outsider—Ironside.

RACE 4

Night People  
Full Ahead  
Sportsmanship  
Outsider—Super-King.

RACE 5

Shiraz  
Skylon  
Can Do  
Outsider—Caesar.

RACE 6

Strathgiffer  
Jingle Bell  
Firefly  
Outsider—Ben Lemon.

RACE 7

Treasureland  
Kentucky Lad  
Squadron Leader  
Outsider—Flaming Wheel.

RACE 8

First Lady  
Kerena  
Queenspot  
Outsider—Green Velvet.

RACE 9

Straight Flush  
Husky Munch  
Conqueror  
Outsider—Moonrush.

RACE 10

Cordon Rouge  
Fibre  
Circles  
Outsider—Corvette.

## Sir Hartley Shawcross' Solution To Problem

London, Apr. 22.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, a minister in the former Labour Government, tonight urged the neutralisation of Formosa with self-determination in 10 years' time. He also advocated that Communist China be given a seat in the United Nations.

Sir Hartley said: "I believe our Foreign Office ought now to press upon our American Allies the urgent importance of adopting realistic attitude towards Formosa."

He continued: "Our view would be that Formosa should be effectively neutralised under United Nations protection. The so-called Nationalist government should be retired and after an interval of 10 years or so the people of Formosa should be allowed to determine for themselves what their future shall be."

Sir Hartley, who was speaking at Lewes in Sussex, concluded: "In the meantime, the Communist government—whether we like its complexion or not—should be admitted to

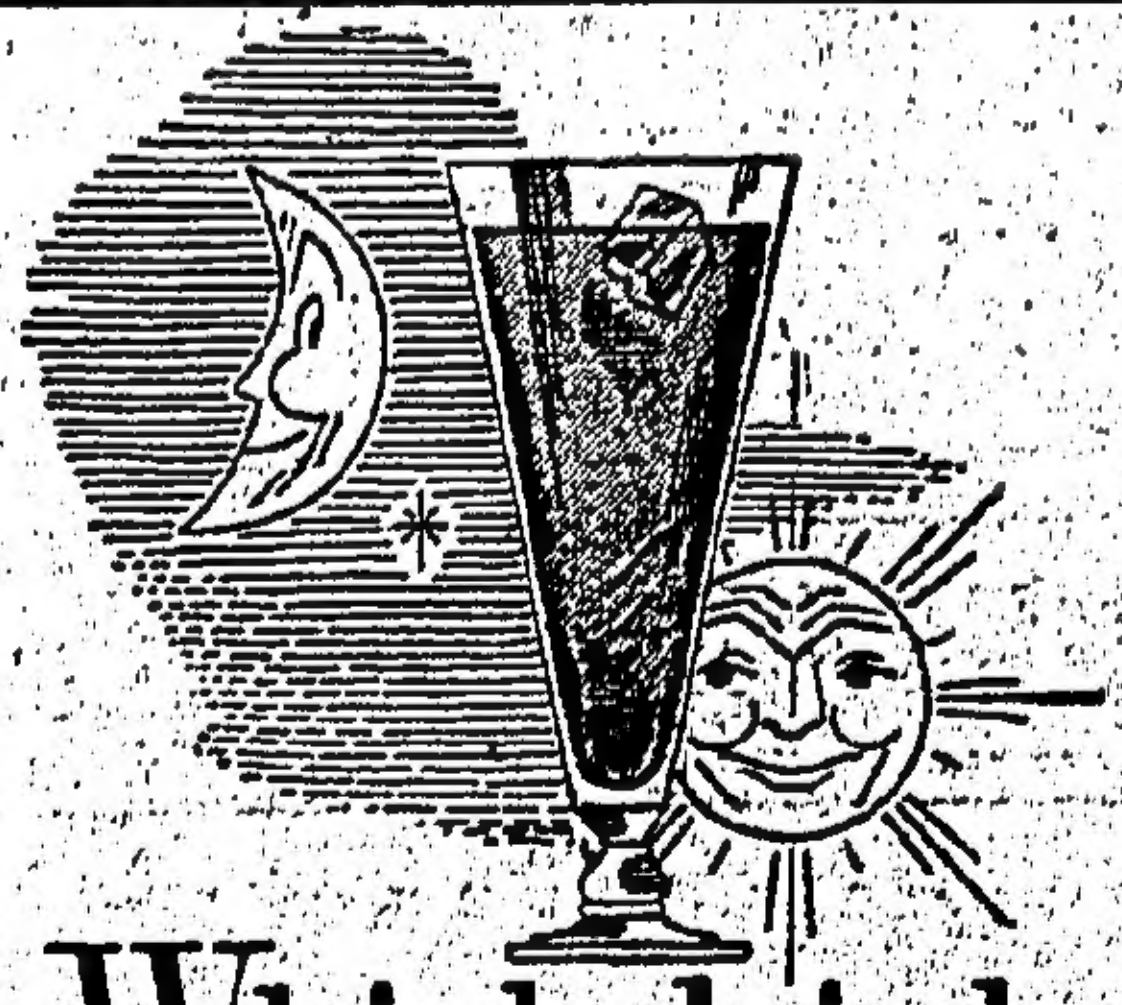
the Chinese seat in the United Nations." — France-Press.

## St George's Day Ceremony

St George's Day was observed this morning in a brief wreath-laying ceremony at the Cenotaph.

Mr G. E. Marden, President of St George's Society, Hongkong, placed a wreath at the foot of the memorial.

Buglers from the 1st Bn. The Essex Regiment, sounded the Last Post, followed by two minutes' silence. The ceremony concluded by the sounding of Reveille.



## Which drink is a beauty treatment?

The pleasant way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice night and morning. For this refreshing drink, with its cool,

clean tang, purifies the blood—Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the

'treatment' tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly.

WHAT IS LIME JUICE? Purely and simply, the juice of the world's most delicious, cleansing citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by those who grow their own limes. The juice, allowed to ripen, is sweet, tart, and refreshing. It's the surest of getting the real thing, with absolutely no harm.

Lime Juice for clear complexions  
The best you can buy is Rose's

NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

HONGKONG - TOKYO

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JAPAN AIR LINES

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LEAVE  
HONG KONG  
MONDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
& FRIDAY



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## RPM 10-30 SPECIAL MOTOR OIL

CAN INCREASE GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO 15%!



This single oil combines the best features of grades SAE 10-20 and 30 — is recommended for use in any climate, any season — in new cars or old



TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO-DAY

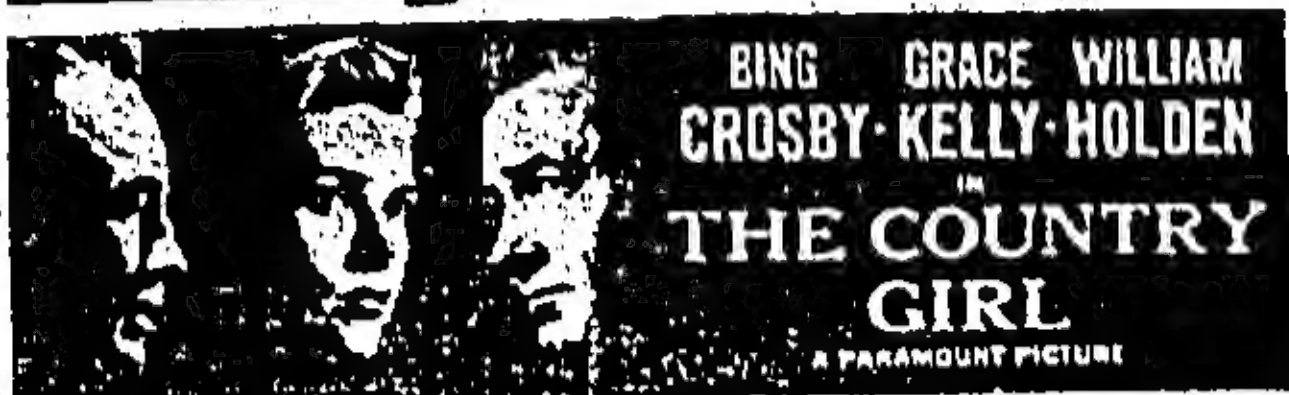


## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

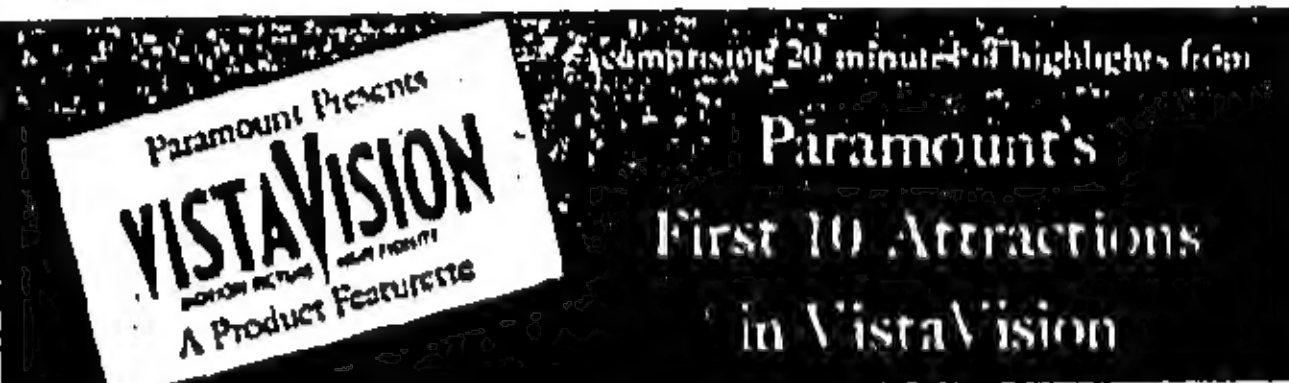
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.15 &amp; 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.

## 4 SHOWS TO-DAY

GRACE KELLY

For Best Actress  
of the Year

EXTRA! ADDED ATTRACTION



## MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

**KING'S** At 11.30 a.m. RKO-Disney's **TECHNICOLOR** **CARTOON** PROGRAMME

**PRINCESS** At 11.00 a.m. Columbia's **"3 STOOGES" & TECHNICOLOR** **CARTOONS** on Giant Screen

**EMPIRE** At 12 Noon 20th Century-Fox presents **"PRESIDENT'S LADY"** Susan Hayward

AT REDUCED PRICES!

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 78721 KOWLOON, TEL. 535500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

THE FUNNIEST MAN OF THEM ALL

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THE FUNNIEST MOVIE OF THEM ALL  
"MODERN TIMES"

Written, Directed and Produced by CHARLIE CHAPLIN - Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

## HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50333

## NOW PLAYING

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

"It has all the chill and intensity of 'High Noon'"

M-G-M PRESENTS IN COLOR

## CINEMASCOPE

SPENCER TRACY ROBERT RYAN  
"BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK"ANNE FRANCIS DEAN JAGGER WALTER BRENNAN JOHN ERICSON  
ERNEST BORGNINE LEE MARVIN RUSSELL COLLINS  
Just the Way It Happened

With Perspecta Stereophonic Sound!

Performances on Sunday Apr. 24

FIRST MATINEE

HOOVER at 12.00 - LIBERTY at 12.30

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



A scene from "The Country Girl"

"The Country Girl" will probably not amuse you at all if you are one of his devoted fans, expecting to see the usual happy-go-lucky chap, quick with a quip or a song and friends with everybody.

There's a hint of the old shy charm when we first meet him—a has-been actor being auditioned for the starring part in a new show, but it soon disappears. Before he comes on to the stage to run through, rather pathetically, his corny act, the director of the show, William Holden (and the only person at the audition who is on his side) fills in a thumbnail sketch of the one-time success for the benefit of the hard-boiled producer. Drink apparently has been his downfall, but Holden works hard to convince his sceptical colleagues that he knows the man has it in him to be great in the part, and finally wins his case on the understanding that the responsibility is entirely his.

From there on to the end of the picture, whether Bing Crosby, William Holden or Grace Kelly are holding the centre of the stage, it is Crosby's behaviour, Crosby's part, Crosby's character that motivates the action.

From diffident assurance at the audition, his mood changes, in his seedy apartment to one of self-doubting humility. He's still at this stage a sympathetic character though, and his dour wife, Grace Kelly, registers as a nagging watchdog worrying at his self respect and snapping at his attempts to rise to the sense of responsibility he apparently once possessed.

## Antagonism

There is antagonism from the start between William Holden and this wife he feels to be the cause of her husband's degradation, and the tension slowly to the climax in which she lets herself go in a burst of fury which must have been the deciding factor in the Academy Award judgment.

This is a well made film with three competent players in the starring roles, but although I enjoyed it, it must have been a better play. On the stage all the emphasis is on characterisation, and the weak and warped mind of Bing Crosby, the disillusioned loyalty of Grace Kelly and the one-purpose directness of William Holden would have come over better in a stage production, neatly stripped of the cluttering intrusions of other show people, night club singers, and flashbacks.

Bing Crosby, good though he is as the drunkard, does not quite present us with a character. He speaks the lines given him with the appropriate expression, and makes the correct gestures, but he never quite succeeds in getting outside the personality of pleasant old Bing playing a rotter.

At the beginning, and in the court scene in which she balls Crosby out after a night of drinking, Grace Kelly hits the note of reluctant loyalty she was obviously striving for and if she had been able to sustain it, hers would have been a really great performance.

William Holden's wasn't meant to be the pivotal part, and like the good all round actor he is, he is content merely to support the other two.

A Western With  
Only One Woman

"Bad Day At Black Rock" is divided into two parts. The first consists of a calculated tenseness conveyed by a brooding atmosphere of suspicion, with the unspoken threats in the air gradually building to a climax. After this the tension breaks as the suspicions are voiced and the threats made good, and overflows into the second part, which is pure action of the first and gun variety.

Spencer Tracy is the man around whom all this bad feeling revolves. A bitter, disillusioned ex-serviceman he has only intended to spend a few hours in the tiny town of Black Rock when he first gets

off the train. We, together with the curiously watchful community, are not let into the secret of why he has come, but although our consciences are clear, the Black Rock dwellers are certainly not, and the stranger's coming is most unwelcome.

Placed right on the flat floor of the desert with the towering mountains, although some miles away, planted like a forbidding circle of fates around it, Black Rock's scorched main street flanks the railway down which the trains scream their way without stopping. On the first day since 1841 that one of these streamlined monsters has come to a halt at the whistle stop, a stocky man dressed in city clothes gets off, looks around him at the shanty town, with its few huts and picks his way across to the little group silently watching from the porch of the only hotel.

Something is worrying them. He cannot get a helpful answer to any question he asks, regardless of how simple and harmless it appears. In spite of its obvious emptiness, he is told that not a single room in the hotel can be rented him, even for a few hours. Deliberate attempts are made to provoke him into a show of temper and later he discovers that the operator in charge of the cattle office is under the influence of the most dangerous of the town's peculiar citizens. With this connection with the outside world severed, access to the telephone denied him and all his requests for the loan of a car refused, Spencer Tracy begins to realise that without a word of explanation on either side, the inhabitants of Black Rock are circling for the kill—and he is the victim.

## A Suspense Picture

The absence of action in the first half of the picture does not make it slow and the step-by-step revelation of the make-up of the various characters prolongs the suspense without weakening the climax.

Tracy himself, an enigma from the start, begins to arouse our suspicions at one point, in spite of his disinclination to fight and his apparent reasonableness. In the face of the hostility of the town, but because he is opposed by the two main villains of the piece, the moment passes and we are prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. I deliberately use the word "villains" as there is little light and shade in the personalities. This is a suspense picture with the emphasis on atmosphere rather than on the interplay of temperament, and the violence of the action which flares up in the latter part of the picture loses a little of its impact because it involves stock types rather than living people.

Very good performances, in spite of this, come from Spencer Tracy and Walter Brennan.

Brennan, after having shown how good he could be in "Kentucky" and "The Westerner" has not been served too well in recent pictures and it is pleasant to see that he has not lost his sureness of touch in spite of his spell of mediocrity. His role in this time is that of the cynical doctor who proves to be the conscience of the weak-willed sheriff, played by Dean Jagger.

tion" and many of the shots are obviously the result of an intelligent study of the best methods of other film directors. The lighting in some of the interior scenes could have been better, but I can think of no more effective way of emphasising the importance of the time factor in one scene than by shooting it from behind a swinging pendulum.

## Battling Marines

In any story about the US Marines there is always a misunderstanding fellow, who attacks the tender feelings and sleek muscles of raw recruit and seasoned fighter impartially, and gets himself thoroughly disliked throughout three quarters of the picture, to be vindicated in the last reel by the invulnerability of the fighting machine his insults have helped to produce.

Filling this essential role in "Battle Cry" is James Whitmore, with, as some of his reluctant pupils, Tab Hunter, Aldo Ray and John Lupton. Various Warner Brothers starlets complicate their lives for them and in lofty dominion over all is Raymond Massey as the General. Somewhere in between, Van Heflin, as the Battalion Commander leads his Marines in the assault on Saipan.

## Racing Thrills

The track scenes are the best part of "The Racers". The thrills come thick and fast and while the cars are scrapping for position, negotiating the tricky twists in the road and letting the engines out to full speed on the straight, there's never a dull moment.

Not as interesting is the love affair between the ballet dancer, Bella Darvi, and the driver, Kirk Douglas. They take a long time to make up their minds about their real feelings for each other and the audience is torn from the exciting racing to watch interminable tiffs, tears, meetings and partings.

Katy Jurado and Cesar Romero are the second couple and in my opinion, more worth watching than the others. Katy Jurado has a fascinating personality which comes over well on the screen. The scenery is superb, needless to say—this is one aspect of CinemaScope that can always be relied on.

The New Films At A Glance  
SHOWING

**EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS:** "The Country Girl". Two people fighting to restore the self-respect of a drunken actor. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and William Holden.

**HOOVER and LIBERTY:** "Bad Day At Black Rock". Dis-mourning at a whistle stop in America's south-west, a stranger stumbles on a four-year-old mystery. Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger and Walter Brennan.

**LEE:** "Tradition". Love, loyalty and betrayal during the Sino-Japanese war. A Chinese picture with English sub-titles.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "Modern Times". The world famous clown playing in one of the pictures that made him famous. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "Battle Cry". The US Marines in duty and play-time between 1942 and 1944.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "The Racers". The lives and loves of the men who live for the excitement of car racing. Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi, Cesar Romero and Katy Jurado.

## COMING

**EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Three Ring Circus". Martin and Lewis on the loose in a circus. Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Zsa Zsa Coker and Joanne Dru.

**HOOVER and LIBERTY:** "Secret Island". Anglo-American co-operation in a research scheme. Gene Kelly and John Justin.

**LEE:** "Front Page Story". A day in the life of a prominent London newspaper. Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Allan and Eva Bartok.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "The Titled Thunder-bolt". An English village runs its own train service. Stanley Holloway, John Gerson and Naughton Wayne.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Martin Luther".

3 SHOWS TO-DAY  
2.30—6.00 & 9.00 p.m.  
4-TRACK STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND — WIDE SCREEN!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.  
Robert Taylor in "ABOVE AND BEYOND" M-G-M Film.

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.  
GARY COOPER in "SPRINGFIELD RIFLE"  
Color by Warner Color — At Reduced Prices

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

SPECIAL TIMES: 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 &amp; 9.40 P.M.



## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"Battle Cry"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE  
AT 11.30 A.M.

## ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only

M-G-M's

Tom &amp; Jerry

Cartoons

In CinemaScope

REDUCED PRICES!

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## ★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times!  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENT THRILL OF THE SEASON!



In the WONDER of 4-Track, HIGH-FIDELITY, STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!

ADDED ATTRACTION! CINEMASCOPE Short Subject  
"BIRTHDAY PARADE" IN GLORIOUS COLOUR.  
Book Early To Avoid Disappointment!

## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

20th Century-Fox Presents

A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS

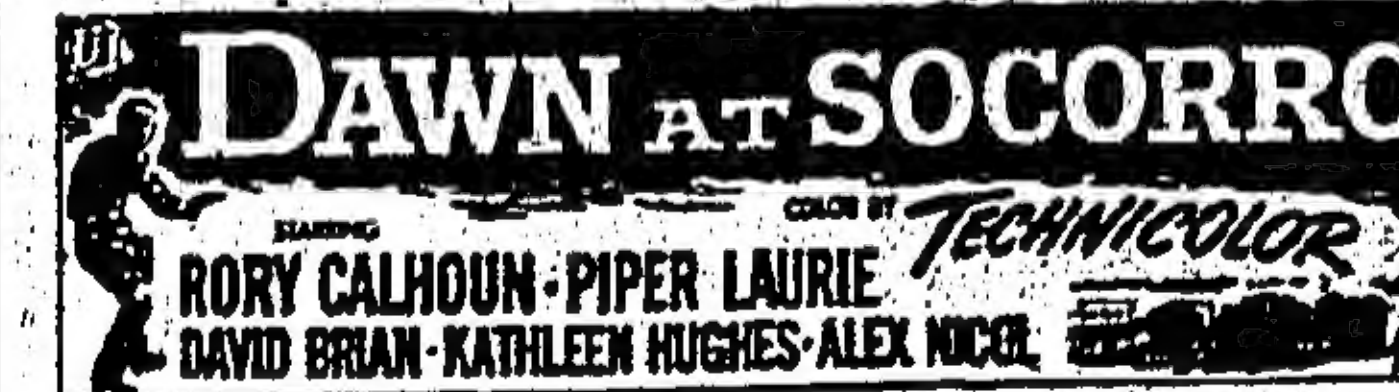
— Reduced Admission —

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 &amp; 70 Cts.



TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

ON PANORAMIC SCREEN



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

J. Arthur Rank presents

"THE MILLION POUND NOTE"

with Gregory Peck in Technicolor



SHOWING

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



HITS NEW HEIGHTS IN HIS NEW WARNER HIT  
"WHITE HEAT"

CO-STAR VIRGINIA MAYO — EDMOND O'BRIEN  
DIRECTED BY RAUL WALSH  
Screen Play by Ben Curi and Ben Roberts  
Music by Jerry Goldsmith



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

TAPE RECORDER INDUSTRY  
BOOMS IN AMERICA

THIS is a tale of tape — a new kind of tape that is beginning to take the measure of us all.

Babies cry for it. They also laugh, growl, gurgle, and burp for it. And it laughs, cries, gurgles, and burps back. Like a perpetual round-mirror, it will hold those baby-talk sounds forever, theoretically as long as its magnetic field is not disturbed.

Machines move at its beck. Tapped telephones spill secrets on to it. Autopsy surgeons delving into causes of death speak their notes on to it while their hands keep on the job.

Some mothers even record their children's tantrums on it. Later, they play them back so the children can hear how ridiculous they sounded.

The magnetic tape industry — and tape recording — is a child

itself. It's about seven years old. But it's growing like a giant.

There are some 1,500,000 tape recorders in American homes. Most are used for home entertainment.

Retail sales of tape "came to \$25 million last year. They are expected to reach \$105 million within six years. The Wall Street Journal said sales of all types of tape recorders, plus tapes, totalled about \$80 million last year, up \$20 million from 1953 and nearly double the volume of 1952.

While tape recording shines brightest now as a storehouse of such things as baby's first words, or daughter's wedding ceremony, or Dad's bathroom rendition of "Girl of my Dreams," the other uses form a list that seems to run on forever.

Tape picks up information in guided missiles and brings it back to earth, records the sounds of heart disorders, helps search for oil by recording vibrations from explosives, gives doctors abstracts from medical

articles as they drive their cars on long calls, stores information for the new brain-like electronic calculators.

The tape used in all this is a thin plastic strip coated with iron oxide powder emulsion. Sound waves entering the recorder are changed to electric pulses that remain as a magnetic pattern in the iron. The "sound" will stay there without loss of quality unless the tape is brought near a strong magnetic field that will wipe out the pattern.

Finally, there is the achievement of video tape. Both Radio Corporation of America and Bing Crosby Enterprises have developed machines that take both the picture (in colour) and the sound from a television camera and store them on the same tape.

When perfected, this tape will virtually kiss goodbye to colour film for TV, eliminating the time and expense of processing it. —United Press.

A Slump  
In The  
Elephant  
Market

New Delhi.

In a manner of speaking, elephants on the elephant market are white elephants.

There are just too many of them up for sale, and not enough people want to buy them.

The Indian Government has banned the export of elephants. Their use in agriculture and forestry has declined because of the rise of mechanisation.

The many rich princes who used to form the best market for the huge pachyderms can no longer afford them for pomp and panoply.

Cost £1,300

During World War II, elephants cost as much as 20,000 rupees — or about £1,300. Today, the price has slumped to 8,000 rupees, or about £200. Even at this low price, there are few buyers.

One Government officer complained that he could not feed his two beasts and wanted to sell them, but there were no takers.

The Mysore Government has a bigger problem.

It is keeping 40 elephants which were captured in a roundup a year ago. At that time, about 70 elephants were taken but only 30 were sold.

Now, it is costing the Mysore Government 38,000 rupees a month to keep them in hay. And with the high cost of living, that's expensive hay.

Back To The Wilds

Assam in north-eastern India used to market a number of elephants each year at the Sonepur Fair in Bihar State. But things are tough these days. Special rail transportation is expensive for the 1,000-mile journey from the jungles to Sonepur, and the sale prices are too low.

Officials have said that if the present situation continues, it is entirely possible there will be no more round-ups of wild elephants.

In fact, some of the elephants already caught may have to be released to run wild again in the jungles to get out of the cost of feeding them. —United Press.

WORLD DISASTER  
THREATENS US

But 'Sub Group X' Will Escape

Hastings.

Those of you who worry about the future of the human race will be glad to know that "sub group X" is almost ready to move into a secret redoubt in South America.

There it will ride out "the second flood."

And after the rest of us are washed away by the water, "sub group X" will emerge and start the tedious job of getting the world on its feet again.

The Society of Metaphysicians has been assembling "sub group X" for about 10 years, ever since the first atom bomb went off.

Metaphysics is the study of phenomena outside the realm of orthodox science. Mr. John Williamson, head of the society, and his followers are way, way outside.

They claim that by using special techniques they have concluded that the world is due for destruction either by a flood exceeding Noah's, by radioactive poisoning, or by a combination of disasters such as melting ice caps, pointed

atmosphere, universal sterility.

As head of the Society's "social community," Mr. Williamson has been charged with forming "sub group X" and selecting the spot to hide in.

"The secret of survival is mental energy," he said, "and the simple truth is that a majority of people are incapable of survival."

Mr. Williamson, who is 38 and an electronics engineer by profession, said he had found a few people with the right amount of mental energy. This "savoir community" is learning how to live with each other against the day they leave for South America.

Mr. Williamson will not specify the area because he says "sub group X" needs room and he doesn't want the place overcrowded. —United Press.

How Viennese Card  
Sharppers  
Fleece The Unwary

Vienna.

A retired police inspector and a professional magician have published a 150-page report on the art of crooked gambling as practised in Vienna card rooms. Their findings can be summed up in a sentence.

"If you want a guarantee against being cheated, don't play."

Some 5,000 Vienna cabs and bars are licensed for card gambling. Former Inspector Ernst Sprung and his collaborator, Magician A. Allen, estimate that 30,000 Viennese sharpers make a crooked living at the tables.

Things have reached the point, they say, where crooks prey upon crooks. In such games, all players know trickery is afoot and try to outmatch each other in skulduggery. The crook with the craftiest technique wins.

A smouldering cigarette, a smile, the clearing of a throat — these or any of 1,000 other seeming commonplace may be the gambler that takes the pot.

## Sleight Of Hand

Sprung and Allen say the purpose of their book, titled "Luck-Adjusted," is to reveal various forms of trickery and to show the amateur how helpless he is against experienced cardsharpers.

"There is an old saying that if a man is determined to murder you, you cannot prevent him from getting you in the end," Sprung said.

"It is the same if you insist on gambling."

The Sprung-Allen book described a long list of sleight-of-hand tricks, including old-fashioned card-up-sleeve devices, and illustrates them with photographs.

It demonstrated how the back of cards can be "read" by crooks through scores of markings

methods — some as subtle as the delicate nick of a fingernail on the edge of a card.

One gambler used the sun to mark his cards by putting them outdoors for varying degrees of bleaching.

Coloured Spectacles

Sprung and Allen warn particularly against two kinds of cards in common use in Europe, the "scotch" and the "lightning," so named because their backs are decorated with Scottish tartans and lightning flashes.

These types are more easily tampered with than most, they claim.

The book also describes a number of gambling gadgets the inspector and the magician encountered during the years they provided gaming houses in secret of evidence. One pipe-smoking crook had a tiny mirror built in to his pipe, for instance. Coloured spectacles have been put to many shady purposes.

Sprung and Allen say that of all crooked gaming practices, the hardest to detect and beat are signals. A cigarette that drops from one corner of the player's mouth may signal diamonds. A casual pluck at a kibitzer's lapel could mean ace of spades. A finger bent a certain way might mean anything its owner intended it to.

"Gamblers ring an infinity of changes on the language of signal," Sprung said. "And if they are good at their game, there is absolutely no way to detect them." —United Press.

CONVERTING SEA INTO  
FRESH WATER  
Americans Make Promising Progress

Washington.

The American Government is making promising progress with experiments to convert sea and brackish water into fresh water at a practical cost.

But it may be five to 10 years before they develop a satisfactory system, said Dr. David S. Jenkins, Director of the American Government's Saline Water Conversion programme. He wants Congress to extend the life of the programme, and to increase the funds available for such work from \$2,000,000 to \$8,000,000.

"Foreign scientists in such countries as Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Australia, and South Africa are doing great work on the problem," Dr. Jenkins said.

"We can learn a lot from these countries a lot of foreign aid in reverse," he said.

Dr. Jenkins reported to the House Interior Committee recently on progress made in American conversion experiments.

NOW FARMS  
ARE MASS  
PRODUCING

Detroit.

Mechanisation is giving America's farms the mass production character of its factories.

A recent one farmer working a 40-hour week can now turn out enough food for 14 people. Once, it took nine farm hands working from dawn to dusk six days a week to produce enough for themselves and one city dweller.

Large tractors have been made in mechanising the farm within the past year as manufacturers joined in a production race rivaling that of the passenger car business.

Combines that can harvest more than 100 different crops are on the market. One man on a tractor can operate a corn picker that will do almost everything but spoon the corn into the mouth of the consumers.

## Highly-Skilled

"The American farmer has become a highly skilled technician," Mr. Irving A. Duffy, Vice President and General Manager of the Ford Tractor and Implement Division said.

"He can use and repair complicated mechanical devices that make his life easier. He takes hydraulics and electronics in his stride. And when he can't fix a piece of equipment he needs, he makes it himself."

Pecan farmers in Georgia grew tired of knocking nuts out of trees with long poles. They devised equipment to fit the hydraulic gear of a tractor. Now they place the U-shaped end of the device against the pecan trees, turn on the tractor, power and shake the nuts to the ground with no physical effort. —United Press.

Sam, the snow leopard just doesn't like civilization! He roared into his cage at Copenhagen Zoo recently, straight from the wilds of Asia. He's as rare as a genuine picture of a flying saucer — and about as friendly! A jab from one of his paws packs the combined power of a Marciano punch and the kick of a mule. Handsome, agile he may be — but Sam's going to have to tone his temper down a lot before he gets a mate! —London Express.

Witches Were Really  
Very Bewitching  
And Benevolent

London.

Gerald Gardner, a cozy old gentleman who looks like somebody's benevolent grandfather, isn't. He's a witch who travels not on a broomstick, but on a commercial airliner from an island off the British coast where he conducts the only museum of witchcraft in the Commonwealth.

Witches are generally very reticent about themselves and you might live next door to one for years without suspecting it.

But Mr. Gardner goes around freely admitting that he is a member of a witch "coven" (13 witches make a coven) and that he has participated in many strange rites including the "bewitching" of Adolf Hitler.

He spends a lot of his time correcting mistaken impressions that all witches are ugly old crones who stir cauldrons and zoom around on broomsticks. Men can be witches, too, and since the powers are believed to be hereditary there must be quite a few sons of witches around. The female witches are often "damnable pretty" as an old new Englander wistfully chronicled before burning two 18-year olds at the stake.

## Benevolent People

Mr. Gardner insists that instead of trafficking with the powers of darkness, witches are actually benevolent people who got a bad name centuries ago only because prudish citizens were jealous of the fun they had at their secret rites.

"You see," he murmured, wagging his grey goatee and twirling a heavy ring engraved with a secret cabalistic sign, "witches always perform their rites in the name of the Lord. They threatened to become so popular in medieval times that the authorities got worried and spread the falsehood that witches were ugly."

"This," he added smugly, "I can deny emphatically and personally. But I can understand the Puritan point of view. A young man is more likely to stay home if he has a mental image of a foul old crone creaking about than he is if he realises there are beautiful naked ladies dancing in the moonlight." —United Press.

How To Play  
Safe  
With Smoking

Chicago.

Cigarette smokers who want to inhale a minimum of tar and nicotine would do well to keep an eye on the length of the butt, the American Medical Association has reported.

The association's chemical laboratory found in a series of tests that the safest type of cigarette was a king-sized one with a limited asbestos-paper filter. But this applied only if it was thrown away when the butt was an inch and a half long, the association warned.

If it was smoked any shorter than the smoker gets more nicotine and tar than from a regular-size cigarette.

The report also showed: Filter cigarettes, not equipped with the laminated asbestos-paper screen let a little more nicotine and tar through.

A regular-length cigarette smoked still less but if it is smoked down to, only an inch and a half, less nicotine and tar is absorbed than through a king-sized cigarette smoked right down to the filter.

"This means," the association said, "that you can't get more protection and a longer smoke at the same time in spite of what advertisements say." —United Press.

Prisoners Got  
Their Guard  
Home Safely

Kampala, Uganda.

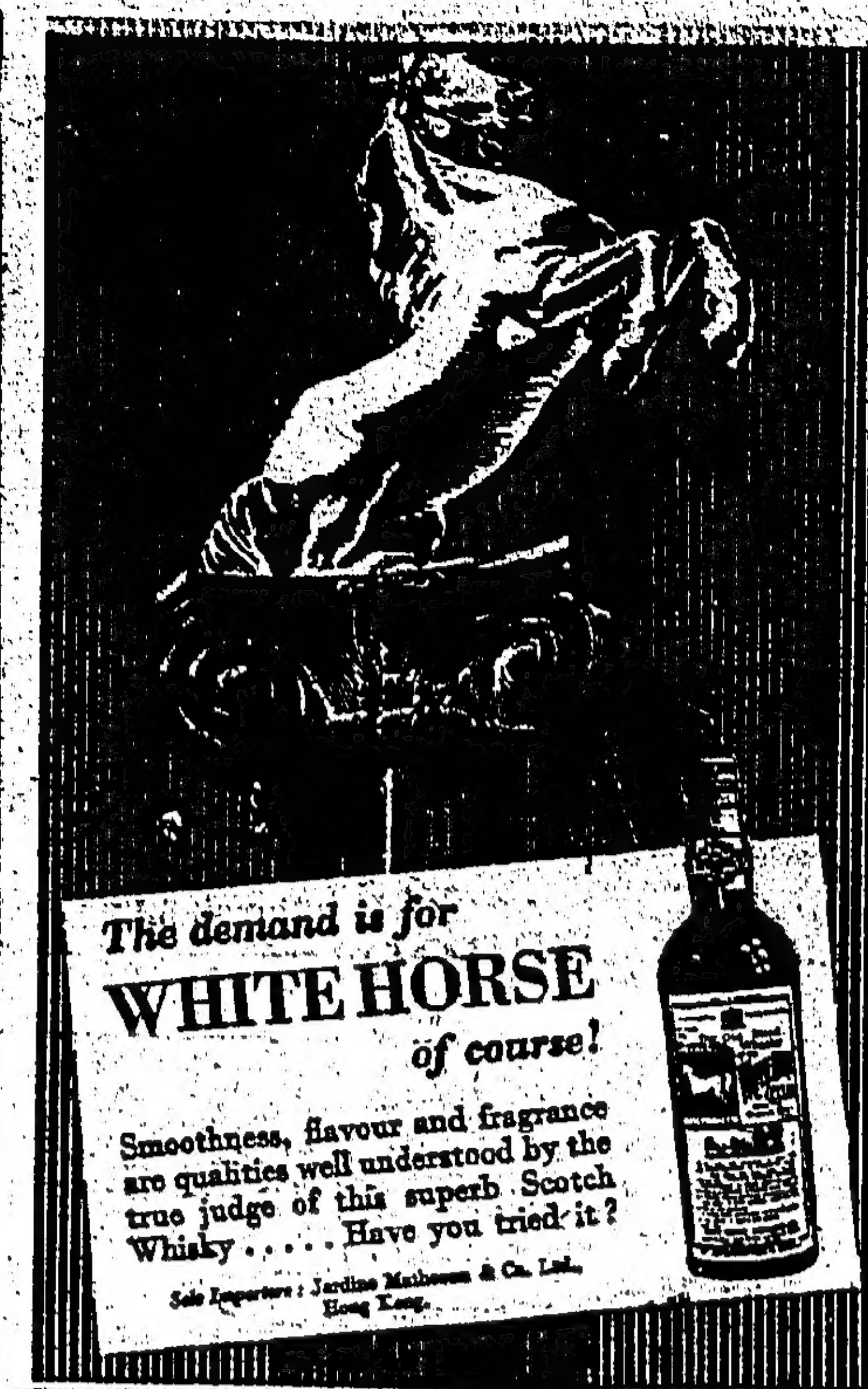
The sun was hot and the lone constable guarding a road gang of African convicts suddenly announced he was feeling ill. "I'm going back for treatment," he told the prisoners, but I'll be back. Don't run away."

The prisoners assured him they wouldn't think of it. True to their word, they kept at work until normal quitting time. Still the constable had not returned.

So the convicts, organising themselves in neat formation, began to march back to prison under their own steam. Halfway back they saw their constable-guard stretched out along the roadside.

He was dead drunk. The prisoners held a quick conference and elected one of their members as honorary leader. He took the immobilised constable's cap and belt and put them on himself. He tried the guard's boots too, but gave it up.

"They, hunt my cane," he explained. The prisoners, with their honorary constable out in front, then marched slowly back to prison, pushing and pulling their awfully guard along. —United Press.



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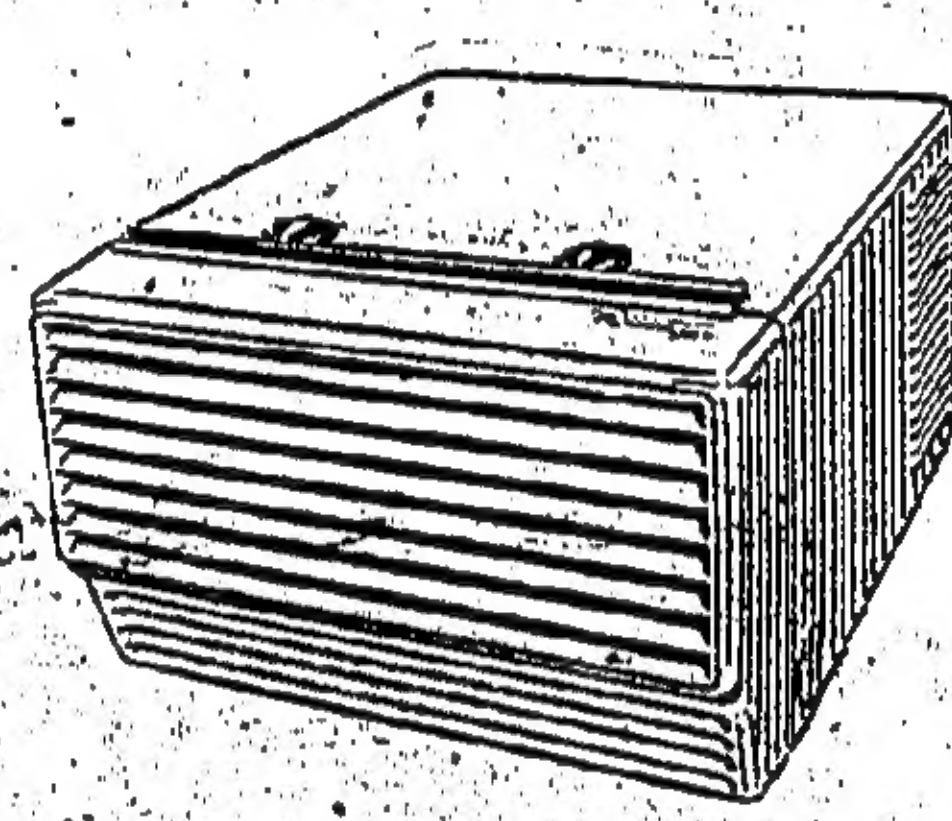
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FINAL light dusting for the 1,800-year-old head of the Roman goddess Minerva is given by Miss Janet Francis (who's just 1,782 years younger than the bronze) before the valuable piece is again put on display at the Roman baths and museum at Bath, Somerset. The head, which once adorned a temple at Bath, has just been returned after restoration at the British Museum. (Reuterphoto)



LEFT: Britain's new Foreign Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, with his wife in the garden at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, during their recent holiday. The Castle is Scotland's gift to President Eisenhower. (Express)



THE brilliant spring sunshine lures the stars from the Shepperton Studios set where the film, "Josephine And Men," is being made. Glynis Johns (centre) is Josephine. On left is Donald Sinden, and Peter Finch is on the right. (Reuterphoto)



THIS tiny guillemot was rescued from a slow and horrible death by the new scourge of the seas — waste oil — and now refuses to leave its saviour, Mr. W. E. Williams, who found it on the beach at St. Agnes Cove, near Truro, Cornwall. After he had cleaned its plumage, Mr. Williams released it but it refused to go. Now it follows him everywhere, and is a great favourite of the local children. (Reuterphoto)



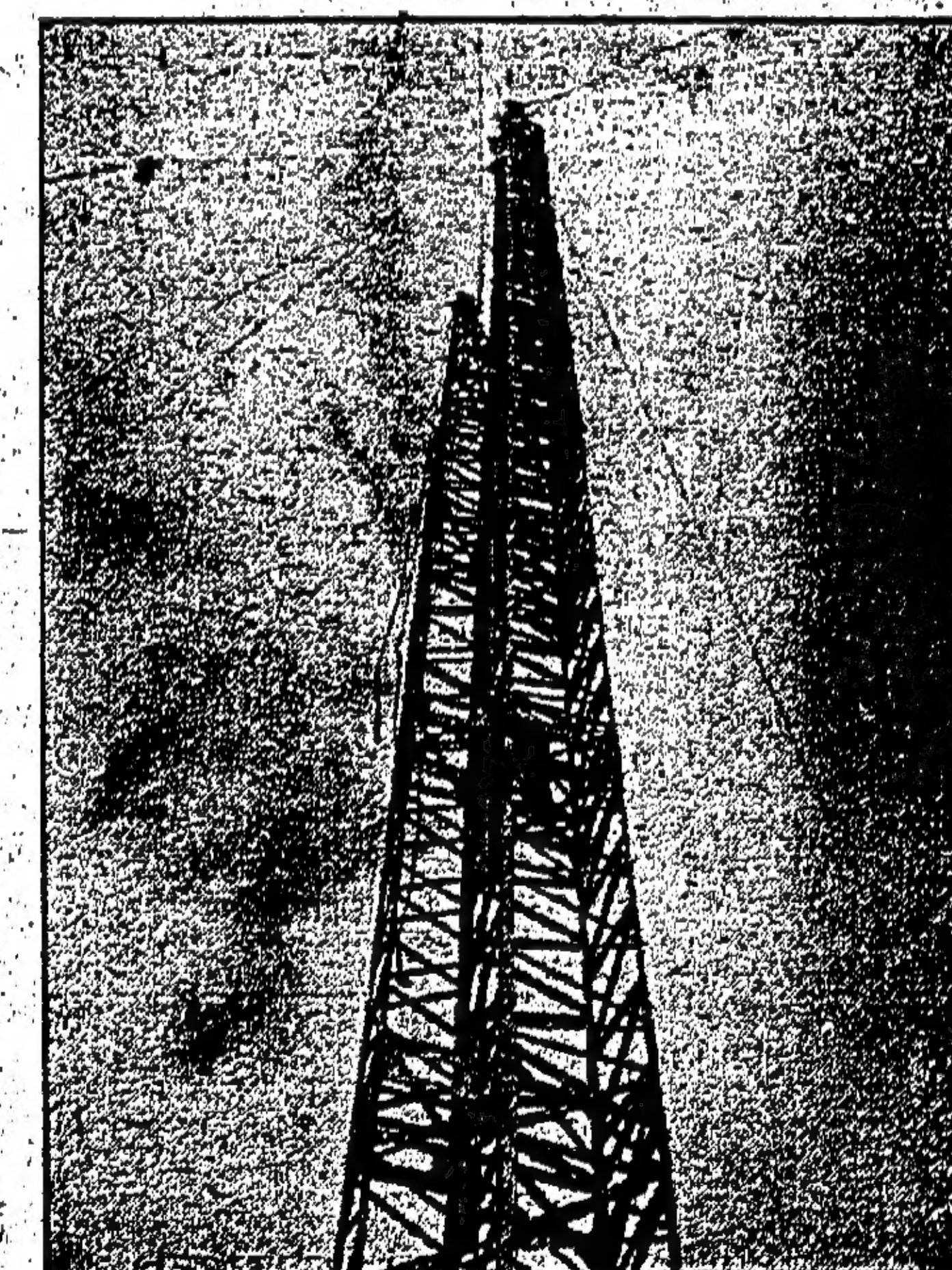
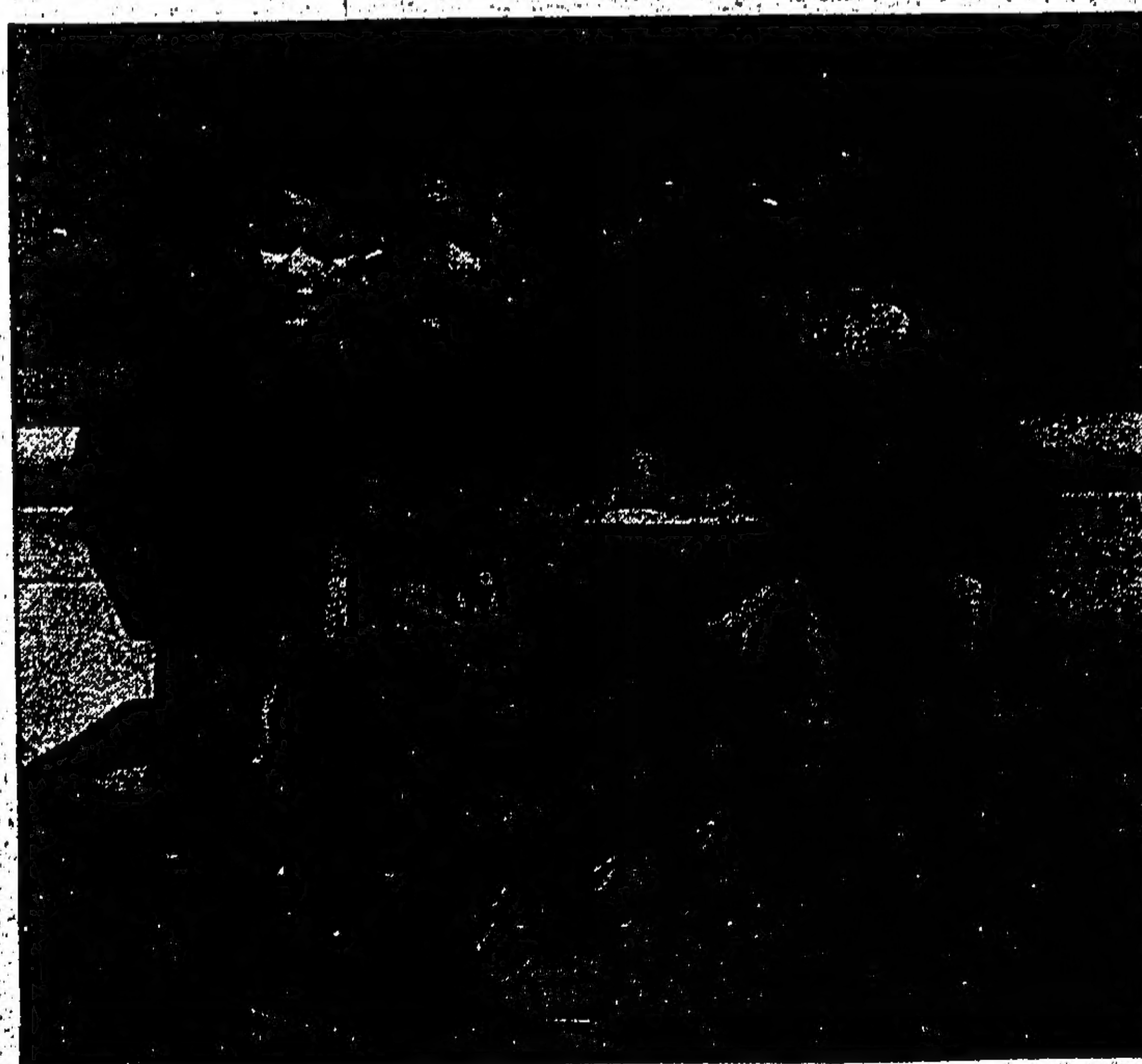
A pair of six-inch practice rockets streak down towards the sea from a Vampire jet trainer firing with gyro gunsights. The plane is steady in attack and easily manoeuvred — qualities which enable the Vampire to bring the target quickly to its sights and hold it there. (Reuterphoto)



ARRIVING at the Foreign Office in London are members of the All-Party Parliamentary Group for World Government. They met the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs to discuss the Group's proposal for encouraging the creation of a world federal government. Back row, left to right: Mr. Henry Osbourne, Mr. John Rankin, Mr. L. J. Pitman, Mr. Don Wade and Mr. Frank Beswick. Front: Mr. John Hay, Mr. Joe Reeves, Mr. Arthur Henderson and Earl Russell. (Reuterphoto)

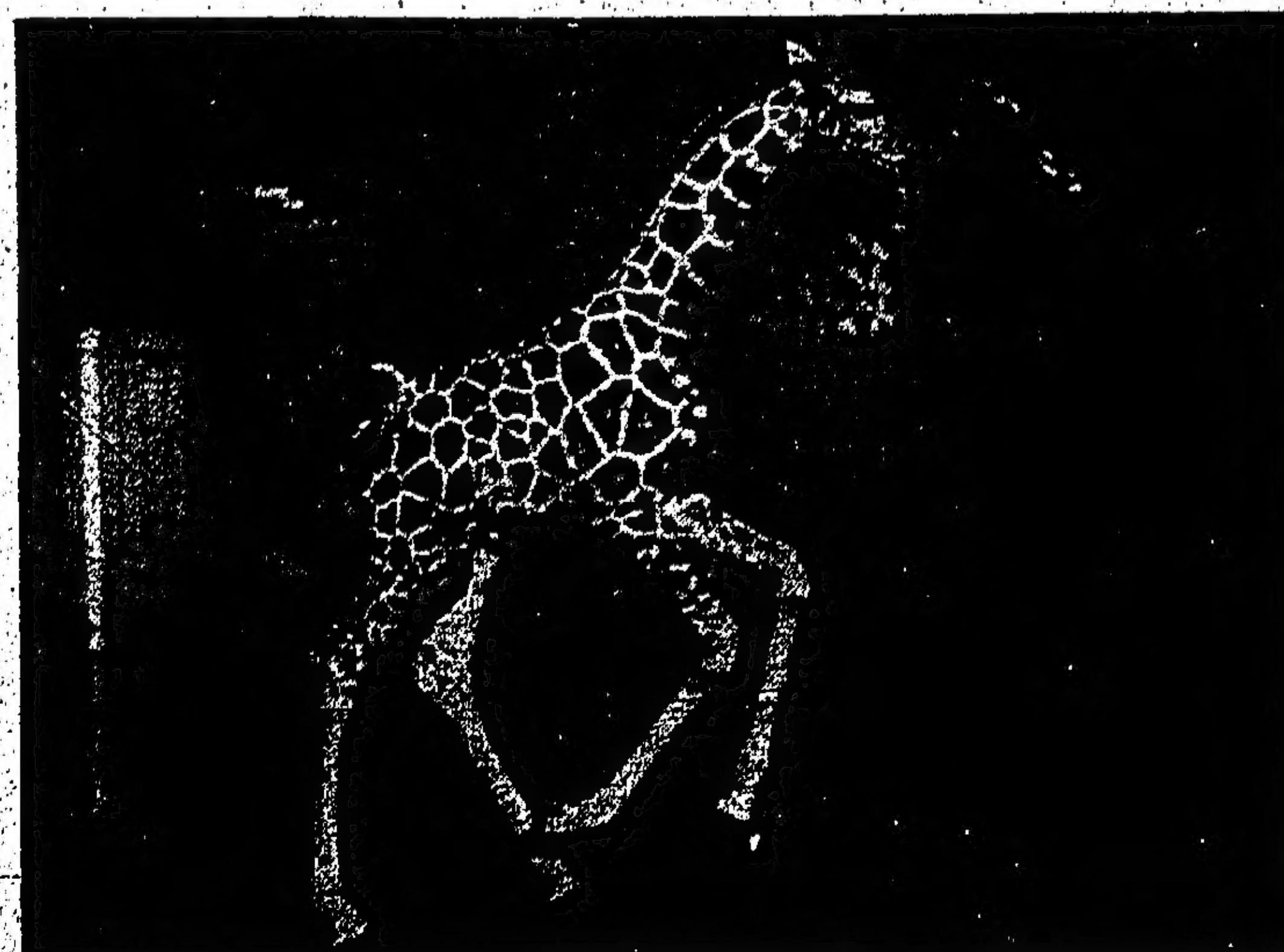


BOND STREET, one of the most famous streets in the world of fashion, presented a unique outdoor show recently when 30 of London's most beautiful mannequins paraded from Piccadilly to Oxford Street, wearing the latest suits, dresses, furs, shoes and accessories. (Central)



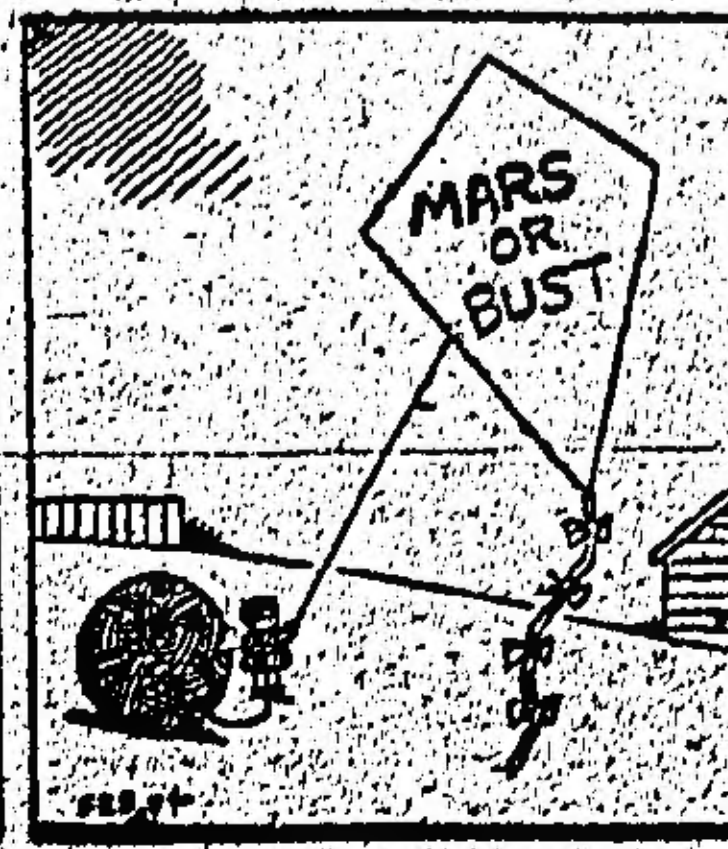
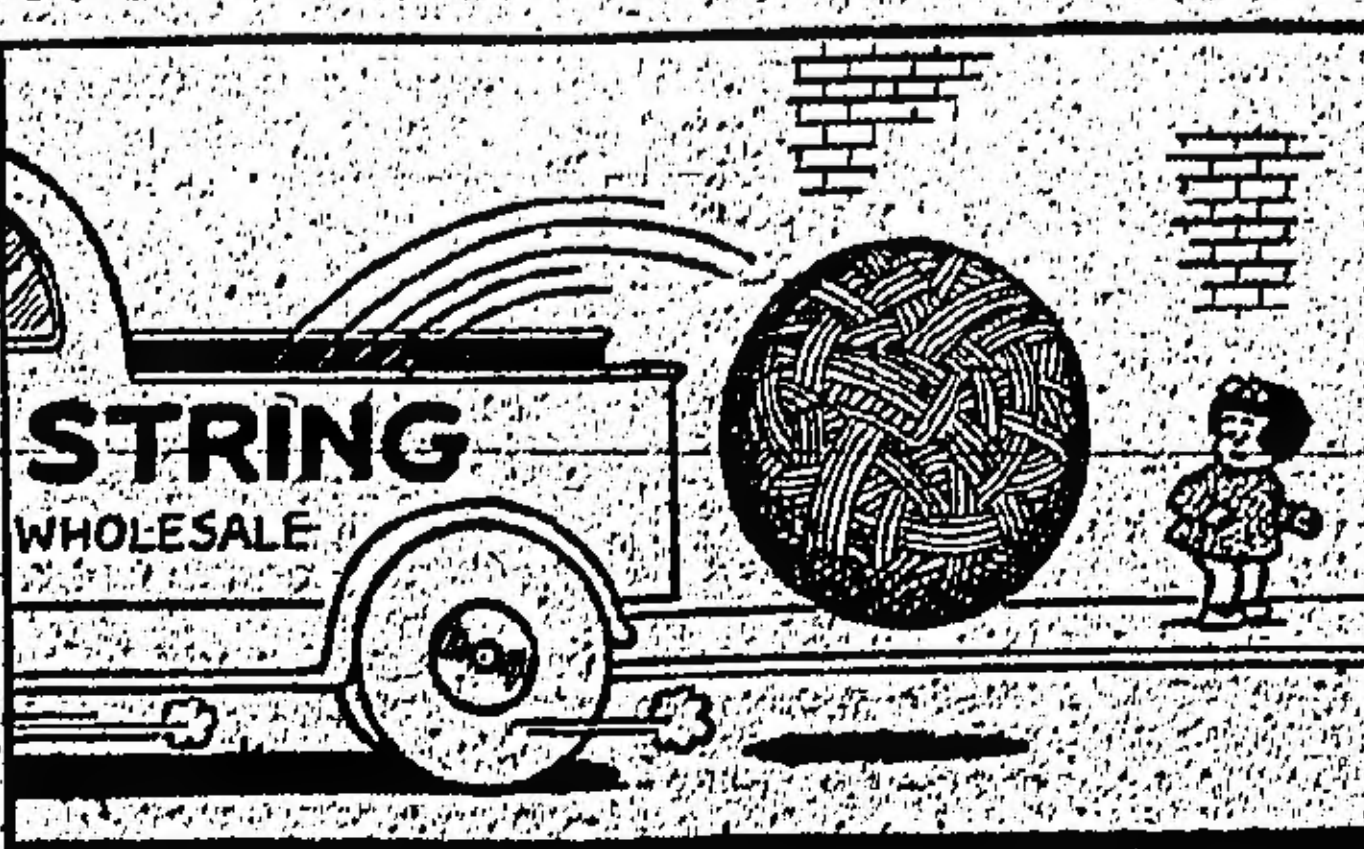
LEFT: There is no lack of willing helpers to push in this one-sixth scale model locomotive, arriving at the Central Hall, Westminster, for the Model Railway Exhibition. (Reuterphoto)

PERCHED at dizzy heights above the ground, men work on the construction of a giant 240-foot crane at Crystal Palace, London. It will help to build a 540-foot tower to carry the transmitting aerials for the BBC's new television station. (Reuterphoto)



DOING very nicely, thank you, with those long angular legs is Chris, the London Zoo's three-week-old giraffe. He is seen cantering round the paddock on his first outing. (Reuterphoto)

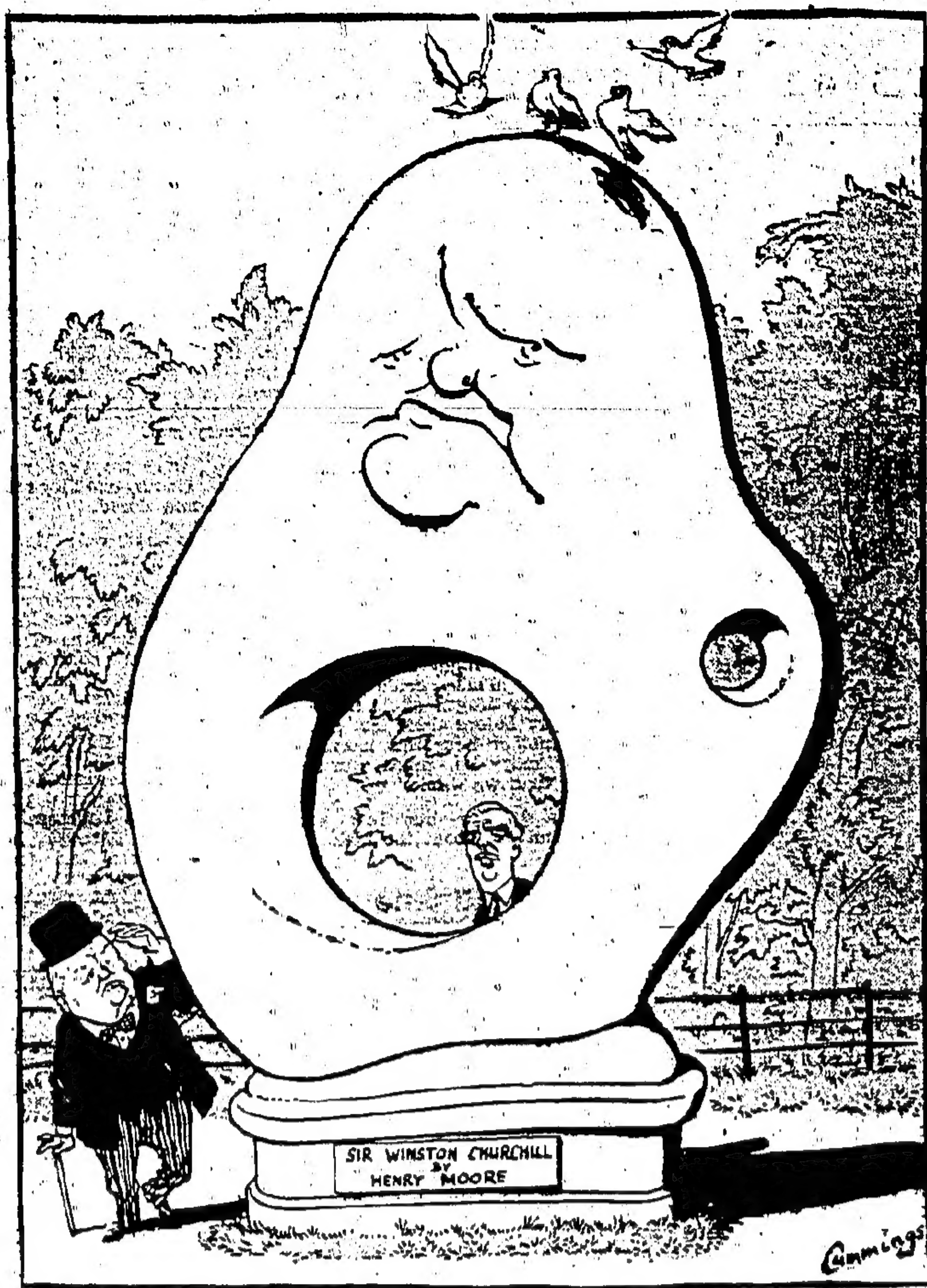
## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK  
MAGIC  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES





The worst of retirement is that they'll start putting up statues of him.

## THE BLACK BELT OF NEW YORK

By Wilson Ferber

**D**ISASTROUS fires, averaging five a week recently, in tenement houses of Harlem, have drawn attention to the grave overcrowding problems of New York's Black Belt. Within its narrow boundaries are crammed nearly 850,000 "cullud pussuns" ranging in shade from pale coffee to ebony black.

It is a district of constant surprises and the first surprise that greets the visitor is that Harlem is more blatantly American than even the Bowery. This in spite of the fact that nearly one-half of its population is foreign born.

The numerous types in Harlem are the despair of the ethnologist. There are representatives from most of Africa's countless tribes, negroes from the Antipodes, from the Caribbees, from Asia, South America and from every other spot where coloured folk are found. Yet few immigrant negroes fail to ape their neighbours' imitations of white manners—immediately after landing. With truly marvellous facility they develop a pride in their foster nation and strive to be all-American.

### Hotch-potch

This hotch-potch of negroes is never quiet, never peaceful. The quick emotionalism of the negro is responsible for many sudden flare-ups. The real American negro looks down on the immigrants as trash and there are inevitable clashes between these two sections of the community. But the true-born American negroes are almost equally

jealous of each other, especially where shades of colour are in point. There are some negroes in Harlem who would be accepted as white in countries not accustomed to blackness. These hold themselves superior to darker persons. Every year some of these white negroes cut adrift from their home ties and familiar surroundings and "pass" as whites. Once taken, the decision is irrevocable. Harlem, though constantly mimicking white modes and manners, is savagely and vindictively jealous of any negro who "passes."

### Self-centred

Curiously enough, although Harlem is practically a self-centred negro community, most of its traders and merchants are white. The average Harlem negro is reluctant to trade with a merchant of his own colour lest the latter should grow rich at his expense.

Moreover, negro consumers do not believe that a coloured merchant can run his business as well as a white one, and that if the negro consumer patronises his own race he will be fobbed off with an inferior article at a superior price. The total value of businesses owned and operated in Harlem by negroes is put at the comparatively small sum of one million dollars.

The wealthy negroes of Harlem live very expensively and ostentatiously. They have maids and chauffeurs, entertain lavishly, and send their children to the universities. They patronise the arts and collect antiques. Their clothes are made on Fifth Avenue and they frequently make trips to Europe. Probably their immediate ancestors were Pullman porters who saved a little nest-egg

during their lives, money which formed the basis of a considerable fortune subsequently made by their descendants in speculation or trading. After a few more generations these will grow up a class of negro as remote from work as any scion of New York's Four Hundred—a negro aristocracy. One more problem for Harlem.

In one thing only has the negro of Harlem achieved anything like balance, and that is in religion. Gone are the days when ecstatic preachers writhed and moaned in their sermons, while devotees encouraged them with rhythmic exclamations of "Preach it, brother!" The ministers of today are graduates of Harvard and Yale, preaching thoughtful discourses to an admiring audience, while swart-tailed ushers watch the congregation for signs of incipient emotionalism. There are still a few weird sects with strange beliefs, and occasionally these are trouble among their adherents.

### Cannot Save

Few negroes can save. After payment of rent and living expenses, the average negro throws away any surplus in gambling. American films picture the dorkie in his gambling moments as a jaunty thrower of dice, but in fact he fails for any kind of a gamble, from horse-racing to clearing house numbers.

The latter game is based on the figures issued daily by the Clearing House of the Stock Exchange. Bets of one cent and upwards can be made, and the odds paid are about 540 to one. The chances of picking the right digits are about 1,000 to one, so that the only real winners are the bankers.

This game is illegal and therefore the more popular. Bets are taken secretly by runners, who earn a commission on what they receive. Sometimes nobody finds the correct number, and then the banker pays nothing. On other occasions numerous clients discover the magic combination, and then the banker is liable to disappear with celerity.

Probably Harlem's most characteristic feature is the house-party. Rents are high, and although tenants let off every available inch of bed space, many are still unable to find the rent when it is due. To raise funds, they give a house-party.

(Continued on Page 25, Col. 2)

The mob called the Admiral a coward—but was he killed to save the Government?

## THE SHOOTING OF BYNG

DUDLEY POPE

tells one of the world's strangest stories

Every Person in the Fleet who, through Cowardice, Negligence or Disaffection, shall in Time of Action withdraw or keep back, or not come into the Fight or Engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every Ship which it shall be his Duty to engage; and to assist and relieve all and every of His Majesty's Ships, or those of His Allies, which it shall be his Duty to assist and relieve; every such Person so offending, and being convicted thereof by the Sentence of a Court Martial, shall suffer death.

—XIIIth Article of War, December 25, 1742.

**A**LL England waited eagerly for the verdict. On one hand the mob clamoured for news of the fate of the Cowardly Admiral; on the other, the King and his Government were confident that the signal from Portsmouth would say he was guilty. It meant shooting an admiral as a scapegoat, but the Ministry would save its face and stay in power.

Aboard H.M.S. St George at Portsmouth the President of the Court Martial, Vice-Admiral Smith, picked up some papers, looked at the Honourable John Byng, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, sometime Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, and started reading.

### Object: Minorca

John Byng, son of Admiral Viscount Torrington, was a round-faced, untidy man. In 40 years of unspectacular, steady service in the Royal Navy he had risen to the rank of admiral. As a sailor he was a capable and cautious man, short of self-confidence but not courage.

A quarrel between England and France had been building up in America; both countries had been sending troops and materials across the Atlantic in readiness. But even before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War—on March 17, 1756—the French succeeded in forcing the British Gov-

ernment that they planned to invade England. In fact, they intended to capture Minorca (eastern-most of the Balearics—midway between Marseilles and Algeria) and reduce Port Mahon.

So, despite reports from every British agent in the area that the great French fleet—known to be concentrating at Toulon—was aimed at Minorca, the Duke of Newcastle's Government kept the Fleet in Home Waters. The Duke and Charles Fox, his Secretary of State, were convinced that the Toulon fleet was destined for America or perhaps Ireland.



Byng—murder, or justice?

However, Fox caused a small squadron of reputedly the worst (and far from fully-manned) ships in the Fleet to be sent out to the Mediterranean. Byng was given the command.

Starting on December 28 the four admirals and nine captains forming the court martial heard the evidence.

In London the politicians gossiped at their clubs and in the House. Charles Fox—running with the hounds at last after years in Opposition—openly forecast the verdict. It was easy for him since most of the blame should have rested on his shoulders. Newcastle felt there was nothing to worry about.

The court martial heard the Admiralty's instructions to Byng; the danger was, in all probability, of the French passing out of the Mediterranean through the Straits. But if an attack was made on Gibraltar

he was "to use all possible means in his power for its relief."

When Byng, in fact, arrived at Gibraltar the French had already overrun Minorca and 16,000 men were laying siege to Fort St Philip.

On May 19 he was off Port Mahon and sent in three frigates to get in touch with General Blakeney, besieged in Fort St Philip. A French squadron hove in sight before they could get near enough and Byng, fearing they would be cut off, recalled them.

The ever-fickle wind dropped away and the two fleets could not get to grips until next day. The French, adopting a defensive role, had left Byng to windward; and at 2 p.m. he had made the signal to bear down. Several of his ships did not get—or ignored—the signal.

### Into Confusion

The van, under Rear-Admiral West, did in fact bear down as ordered and engaged at very close quarters; but the rear, under the Commander-in-Chief, Byng, had been thrown into confusion after the interdicted last, and fell back on the ships astern. They had to back their topsails to avoid collisions, thus separating West and Byng.

This had left West's few ships unsupported and they were riddled with shot. By the time Byng had sorted out the confusion among his own ships, West's vessels were so battered that they could not continue the fight.

During the night—with the wind still very light—the two opposing squadrons separated. Byng spent the next four days refitting, and called a council of war of his captains.

They discussed the Admiralty's orders and their unanimous resolutions seemed to warrant him leaving Minorca to his fate.

Admiral West and every captain agreed with Byng's decision. Back in Gibraltar Byng wrote his dispatch.

At that time England had been waiting for a great victory. Newcastle's Government needed it, although it was too stupid to bring it about. Having refused to send a large fleet to crush the French at Toulon, it waited to hear that Byng had done the job with a handful of old ships. But Byng hadn't smothered the French.



Death—under the 12th Article of War.

The court martial went on. But it was not producing the results that Fox and Newcastle anticipated. Rear-Admiral West, for instance, might well have given damning evidence against Byng. But he spoke in his favour. And public opinion was changing as the story came out: instead of continuing to shout for Byng's life they aimed some of their rage at the Ministers—especially Newcastle, Fox and Hardwicke.

Then came the court martial's verdict.

In the hushed cabin, on a grey January day, Vice-Admiral Smith read the court's findings.

They found that Byng "did not do his utmost to relieve St. Philip's Castle; and also that during the engagement between His Majesty's Fleet under his command and the fleet of the French king on the 20th May last, he did not do his utmost to take, seize and destroy the ships of the French king, which it was his duty to have engaged, and to assist such of His Majesty's ships, which it was his duty to have assisted; and do therefore unanimously agree that he falls under part of the 12th Article . . . and as that Article positively prescribes death without any alternative left to the discretion of the court, the court do therefore hereby unanimously adjudge the said Admiral John Byng to be shot to death."

### Recommendation

Their verdict added that by the evidence of Lord Robert Bertie and other officers of the ship "who were near the person of the Admiral, that they did not perceive any backwardness in him during the action, or any marks of fear or confusion, but that he seemed to give his orders coolly and distinctly, and did not seem wanting in personal courage, and from other circumstances the court do not believe that his misconduct arose either from cowardice or disaffection."

They then wrote to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that they were persuaded "in finding ourselves under a necessity of recommending a man to death, from the great severity of the 12th Article of War, and of which the said order, the court do not believe that he was guilty."

even if the crime should be committed by error of judgment only; and therefore, for our own consciences sake, as well as in justice to the prisoner, we give your Lordships, in the most earnest manner, to recommend him to His Majesty's clemency."

Everyone was appalled. The Government was shaken by near-acquittal of Byng and the strong plea for clemency. Byng's friends were outraged because to them an error of judgment was not a criminal offence.

An immediate appeal was made to the King questioning the legality of the sentence. George II passed it on to a panel of 12 judges who pronounced it legal.

### He Refused

The time had come for Byng to die. But the law required that the warrant for the execution had to be signed by the Lords. Commissioners of the Admiralty. Out of them, Admiral John Forbes, refused. He wrote:

"The 12th Article of War, upon which Admiral Byng's sentence is founded (according to my understanding of its meaning) that every person who shall in time of action withdraw or keep back, or not come into the fight, or shall not do his utmost, etc. through motives of cowardice, negligence or disaffection, shall suffer death: the court martial does, in express words, acquit Admiral Byng of cowardice, and disaffection; and does not name the word negligence."

"Admiral Byng, therefore, does not, as I conceive, fall under the letter, or description, of the 12th Article of War; it may be said, that negligence is implied though the word is not named; otherwise the court martial would not have brought this sentence under the 12th Article of War having acquitted him of cowardice or disaffection, and he is expressly acquitted of both. These crimes, besides crimes which are implied only, and are not named, may indeed justify suspicion, and private opinion; but they cannot justify a public sentence in case of blood."

But at dawn on March 14, 1757, Admiral Byng was led out on deck aboard H.M.S. Monarque at Portsmouth and shot to death by a platoon of Marines. The bravery with which he met his death, and the order with which he died, were such that



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# CRASH DIVE in the NORTH SEA

IT happened with stupefying suddenness. One moment they were sipping their tea. Thirty seconds later they were in the water. There had been the sound of a thousand milk-cans rattling at once, and smoke and flame had poured from the port engine. They were diving into the sea at 160 miles an hour.

So this was the end of the flight to Norway. The flight that was to find out where the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, escaped from Brest, were now lying. Everything was suddenly silent. Cliff—the squadron leader commanding the Beaufort torpedo-bomber—felt the chill water attacking his limbs. Then he saw the yellow dinghy ahead of him, the two gunners already aboard.

As he swam towards the dinghy he saw McDonald, his navigator, away to his right, heading in the same direction. Miraculously they all seemed to have escaped.

But what in hell had happened? He vaguely remembered that they had hit the water port wing first. That must have put out the fire. The whole aircraft had disintegrated. In doing so it had thrown up the dinghy.

His right arm was numb. Pilot-Officer Tessier and Sergeant Venn, the gunners, helped him up beside them into the dinghy. Then they pulled in McDonald. They were all stunned into dumbness. There were a hundred questions demanding answers, but no one asked them.

## Grabbed pigeon

CLIFF noticed that Venn was clutching one of the pigeons. The pigeon seemed to have weathered the ditching.

"How on earth did you get hold of that?" asked Cliff.

"As soon as I heard the bang and felt we were diving," said

Venn, "I sent SOS and our call-sign on the radio, clamped the key down, grabbed the two pigeon-baskets, and braced myself for the crash. When we hit, the water flooded past me and I found I was floating near the aft escape hatch. I still had hold of one pigeon-basket, but the other one had broken open and I couldn't see any sign of the pigeon. I think it must have drowned."

"Jolly good work, anyway," said Cliff. He darted an admiring glance at Venn.

"How about the SOS? Do you think it was picked up?"

"It should have been," I doubt if anyone had time to get a bearing on us, though. It was only seconds and we were in the water."

"How far from base, Mac?"

"About a hundred and fifty miles, I reckon."

The situation looked pretty desperate. Although the sea was calm, the temperature was only just above freezing. Soon it began to snow. The pigeon was about their only hope. They had no food, as all the food containers were stowed in the aircraft, and no one had had time to grab them. All they had between them was a packet of malted-milk tablets, two bars of chocolate and a few pellets of chewing-gum.

## Doubly careful

THERE were two glove-type canvas paddles in the dinghy, and Cliff set up a watch of ten minutes on and ten minutes off for paddling. He had a small pocket-compass, and after consultation with McDonald he set the first two men to work. Then he turned his attention to the pigeon.

There had been two pigeons when they started. Winkle and Stinkie. Now that one had presumably been drowned they would need to be doubly careful to get a message securely attached to the second pigeon and send it on its way.

Cliff took the pigeon-basket from Venn. "Is it Winkle or Stinkie?" he asked.

"Stinkie."

"Come on, Stinkie," said Cliff, "here's your chance to make a name for yourself."

They found a scrap of paper and a pencil, and McDonald wrote down their estimated position in latitude and longitude and rolled the paper into a cartridge. Then they took the pigeon out of the panicle and rammed the cartridge into the special container affixed to the ring on Stinkie's leg. They made a note of Stinkie's registration number and then released him.

## Down again

BUT Stinkie had had enough flying for one day. He completed a circuit of the dinghy and then came in to land on his former perch.

Cliff and his crew yelled and shouted, waved their arms and swore. Sometimes the bird flapped its wings and took off momentarily to avoid a lunge from one of the crew. But always it settled down again on the edge of the dinghy.

Cliff laughed with the others, but all the time he was thinking of the bleak prospect facing them if Stinkie failed them.

"We've got to get him airborne, chaps," he said. "Come on, wave him off and don't let him alight on the dinghy again."

This time they nearly overturned the dinghy in their efforts to get Stinkie airborne. At last he took off again, and after two unsteady circuits of the dinghy he obediently set course for home. They watched him disappear into the darkening sky.

"How long will he take?" asked Tessier.

"Pigeons fly at about 40 miles an hour," said McDonald. "And they make good use of winds and up-currents. I should think three to four hours and he'll be home."

"Where's his loft?"

"I think Winkle and Stinkie come from a loft at Broughy Ferry. That's just north of the Tay near Dundee. About the same distance from us as Leuchars. He'll be all right."

A few minutes later, as the daylight began to fade, Cliff remembered something. "Wasn't

there something about pigeons not flying at night?" he asked. They remembered that there was.

Night fell, and with it the temperature. There were occasional snow flurries, and sometimes the moon watched them, its every feature distinct in the crystal night air.

They still pinned their hopes on Stinkie. Although he had probably been forced to alight on the sea at nightfall, he would be airborne again by now.

## First to leave

THE previous evening the five Beauforts engaged on the sweep with Cliff and his crew had landed back at Leuchars, in Fifeshire, at varying times between 6.30 and seven. Cliff had been the first to leave, but his leg of the sweep had been the longest, and it was not until eight o'clock that night that hope of his return was abandoned. Beaufort M of 42 Squadron was reported missing.

In the operations room at Leuchars the only clue they had to help them plan a search was Cliff's probable track. They knew that he had been making for Kristiansand. They knew, from messages received, that Cliff had set course on base. What they did not know was the time Cliff had spent sweeping the Skagerrak, and most important of all, the fact that he had pressed on south across the Skagerrak in the vain hope of sighting the German ship.

## Miles to south

THEY drew a line from Kristiansand to Leuchars direct. This represented Cliff's probable homeward course. They sent a Catalina to search along this track. It searched all night in vain. Cliff and his crew were many miles to the south.

At first light, next morning a second rescue aircraft, a Hudson, took up the search. Again without result.

Meanwhile, on a small farm at Broughy Ferry, some 25 miles north of Leuchars, Mr James Ross, master-plumber, an ardent member of the National Pigeon Service, carried out his morning inspection of his pigeon-loft. In the back of the loft, its feathers so clogged with oil that he wondered how it could have flown there, was an exhausted, bedraggled-looking bird which he took at first, for a stray. On closer examination it proved to

be one of his own. Mr Ross looked eagerly at the ring on the pigeon's leg. He was disappointed to see that it was empty. But something of the length of the pigeon's flight could be guessed from its exhausted condition. A hundred miles, he thought, maybe more. He went into the farm-house and picked up the telephone.

"Give me R.A.F. Leuchars," he said, and added as an afterthought, "Priority call." A few moments later he was talking to the controller at Leuchars.

"James Ross, Broughy Ferry, here," he said. "One of my pigeons has come back this morning all wet and oil-stained. One of those you were using. Registration number 1038. There's no message on her, I'm afraid."

The controller checked the squadron pigeon records and confirmed what he had suspected and hoped—that No. 1038 was one of Squadron Leader Cliff's pair.

"Hang on," said the controller. "I'll fetch the station navigation officer. Between us we ought to be able to work out something."

The station navigation officer took over the telephone. Maps were spread out in front of him.

"You say there's no sign of a message on this pigeon?"

"No."

"How far do you think it's flown?"

"It's hard to say without knowing the conditions. It's covered in oil and that makes it look worse than perhaps it really is. I thought at first it must have covered a hundred miles or more, but now I think about it, I don't see how it can have flown more than 40 or 50 miles."

## Disappointed

"SHE wouldn't fly at night, and I went up to the loft about an hour and ten minutes after dawn. So she can't have been in the air much more than an hour. She won't have covered more than about 50 miles."

"Right. This'll be a tremendous help. We'll draw a circle of 50 miles radius round Broughy Ferry and concentrate the search in that."

For the next hour, seven Beauforts from Cliff's squadron with Hudsons of Nos. 220 and 480 Squadrons, based at Dyce and Arbroath, combed the area without result. The ops-room staff at Leuchars were bitterly disappointed.

"I'll have another word with that Broughy Ferry chap," said the navigation officer. "He may be able to suggest something."

## EXPLOITS of the GOLDFISH CLUB-3



They nearly overturned the dinghy in their efforts to get Stinkie airborne.

Mr Ross spoke slowly and deliberately on the telephone, but his mind worked fast.

"You know," he said, "it's funny that any bird so covered in oil and muck as this one could fly at all. I can't make it out."

"I heard about it being covered in oil," said the navigation officer. "Where in heaven's name would a pigeon get oil from?"

"Possibly from the wreck," suggested Mr Ross.

"I don't think it's very likely." "How about oil-tankers?" The navigation officer was convinced instantly. "God, that's an tanker! Suppose they released the pigeon when they ditched, and when it got dark it spent the night on a passing tanker? That could easily double the length of its flight—an hour before dark last night and another hour this morning. They may be much further away than we think."

"It's possible—but how can you find out about the tanker?"

## Should know

"I'll try Rosyth Shipping Control. They should know."

Within a minute the navigation officer was talking to Rosyth.

"R.A.F. Ops Room Leuchars here. Did you have an oil-tanker going north last night?"

"Yes, we did. What do you want to know?"

"Can you give me its down position?"

"I think so." There was a short pause. "Here it is, 56.25 North, 02.05 West."

"Thanks a lot."

Two men, navigation officer and controller, rushed into the main plotting-room to fix the down position of the tanker. It was due east of Broughy Ferry, just inside the 50-mile circle in which the unsuccessful search had been made.

They back-tracked the tanker to plot its position at dusk the previous night, and as they did so the station commander came in with news of a third-class bearing which an Army signal unit had taken on a short SOS transmission picked up at 1835 the previous day. This was assumed to have come from Cliff's aircraft. The bearing was of little value by itself, but it was a useful check, and more important, it gave them the probable time of ditching and therefore the time when the pigeon might be assumed to have started its flight. If the bird had escaped from the aircraft at the time of ditching, just after 1835, it would have had less than an hour and a half's daylight left. It might perhaps have covered up to 70 miles.

## Back-tracked

AFTER explaining the situation to the station commander they back-tracked the flight of the pigeon from the dusk position of the tanker to 70 miles out in the North Sea towards Kristiansand. Rather than make any precise estimate of track, they drew an arc of 70 miles radius from the tanker in the general direction of southern Norway. Then they laid off the Army signal unit bearing until it crossed this arc.

"That intersection is far south of where they should have been if they'd turned for home on time," said the navigation officer.

"So it is," agreed the station commander, "and the whole thing is built up on supposition, conjecture—guesswork, if you like. But since all else has failed, I think it's worth a try. Which squadron has aircraft available?"

"The Dutch squadron, sir. Some of them are searching now. We could divert them to this position."

The station commander picked up the telephone.

Out in the North Sea Cliff and his crew were drifting slowly and hopelessly towards Scotland. They were finding that battered plus fleecy-lined flying jackets and flying-boots was inadequate protection against the fierce cold. At Cliff's suggestion they took off their flying-boots so as to dry their socks in the tepid warmth of the February sun.

They were too tired now to paddle. One by one they relaxed a little and dozed.

It was still only 1115 that morning when the Royal Netherlands Air Force Hudson spotted them, half an hour after this aircraft had received instructions on the new area of search from Leuchars control. The dinghy was in exactly the position calculated by the navigation officer at Leuchars. The Hudson dropped a bag of supplies containing rum, chocolate, water, and cigarettes, and radioed the position of the dinghy back to Leuchars. An hour later an air-sea rescue Walrus appeared and touched down 100 yards away. The pilot taxied right up to the dinghy and called out to them.

"Are you the crew of Wellington P for Peter of No. 504 Squadron?"

"No," said Cliff, "we're Beaufort M for Mother of 42."

"Terribly sorry, old boy," said the station commander, "but you're the wrong crew."

## Disgruntled

FOR the next two hours they were a perplexed and somewhat disgruntled crew. But, in the meantime, four high-speed launches had been despatched to pick them up. Two from Blyth and two from Aberdeen. One of the launches from Blyth arrived first, picking up Cliff and his crew at 1415. 21 hours 40 minutes after the crash. They were landed at Blyth at 1730 that evening. They were all suffering from exposure and frostbite and might well not have survived another night.

When they eventually got back to Leuchars they were met by the station commander, the controller, the navigation officer—and Mr James Ross. They had already heard that one of their pigeons had provided the vital clue in locating the dinghy.

"Why didn't you put a message in the container?" asked the station commander.

"We did," said Cliff. "Didn't Stinkie still have it?"

"No," said the controller.

## Lot of fun

"NEVER mind," said the navigation officer, "we had a lot of fun working it out." "Just a moment," said Mr. Ross. "You mentioned Stinkie—did you release him all right?"

"Yes. He was a bit reluctant to go, but he went in the end, thank God."

"How about Winkle?" "I'm afraid we lost Winkle," said Cliff. "The crash was terribly sudden and she went down with the ship."

Mr Ross held up the pigeon he was carrying for all to see. "West down with the ship, eh?" he said. "She must have come up again. We haven't seen a sign of Stinkie. This is Winkle."

## Postscript

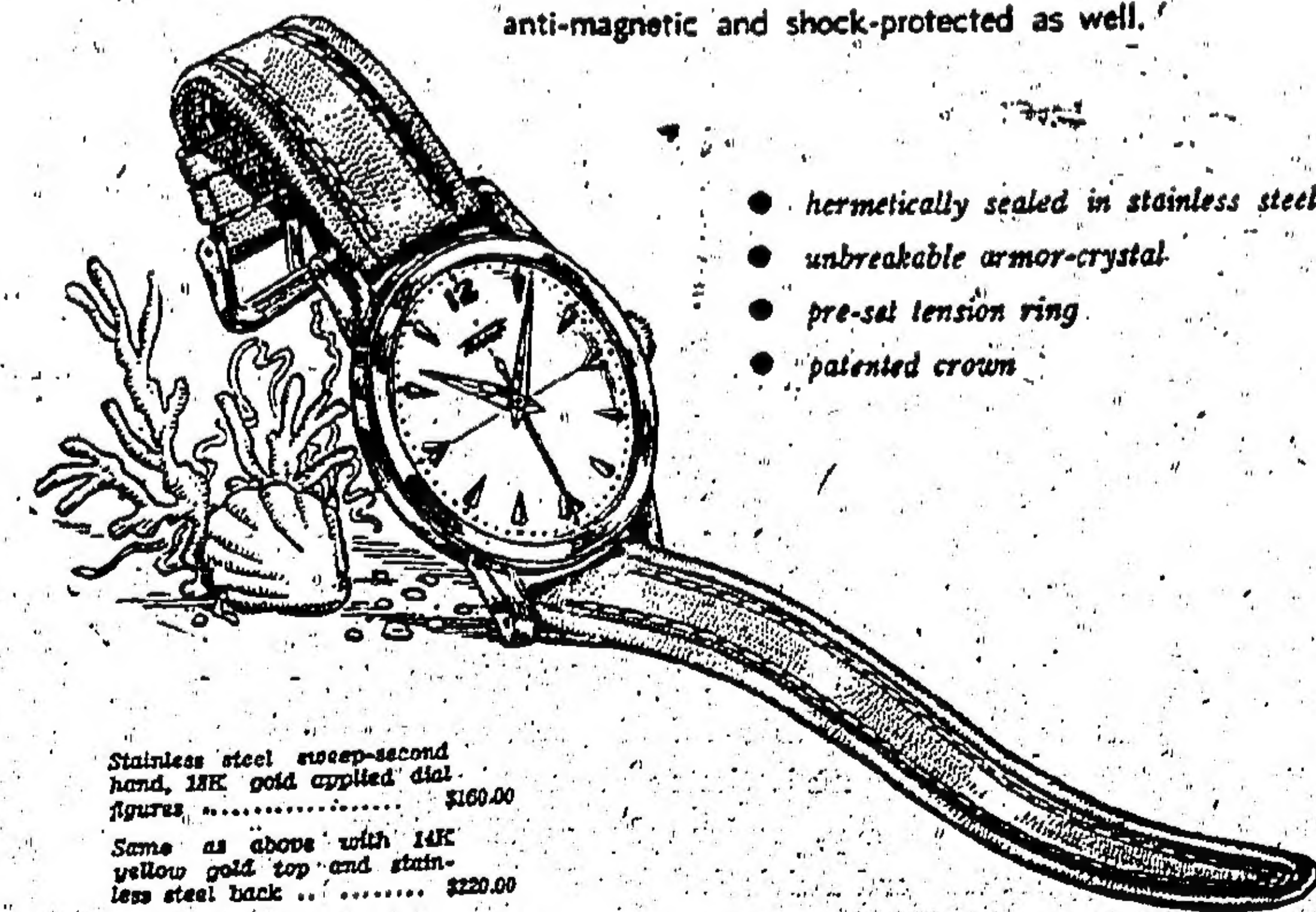
STINKIE never reached his loft, and was the only casualty. Winkle, who was an unusually tough bird and had been No. 1 in the National Pigeon Service 1940 breed, was given the Dickin Award (the animal V.C.). She lived another eleven and a half years, dying in August 1953. She was then stuffed and is now on view in the Dundee Museum, a few miles from her old loft at Broughy Ferry.

[These extracts are from "Down in the Drink" to be published by Chatto and Windus.]

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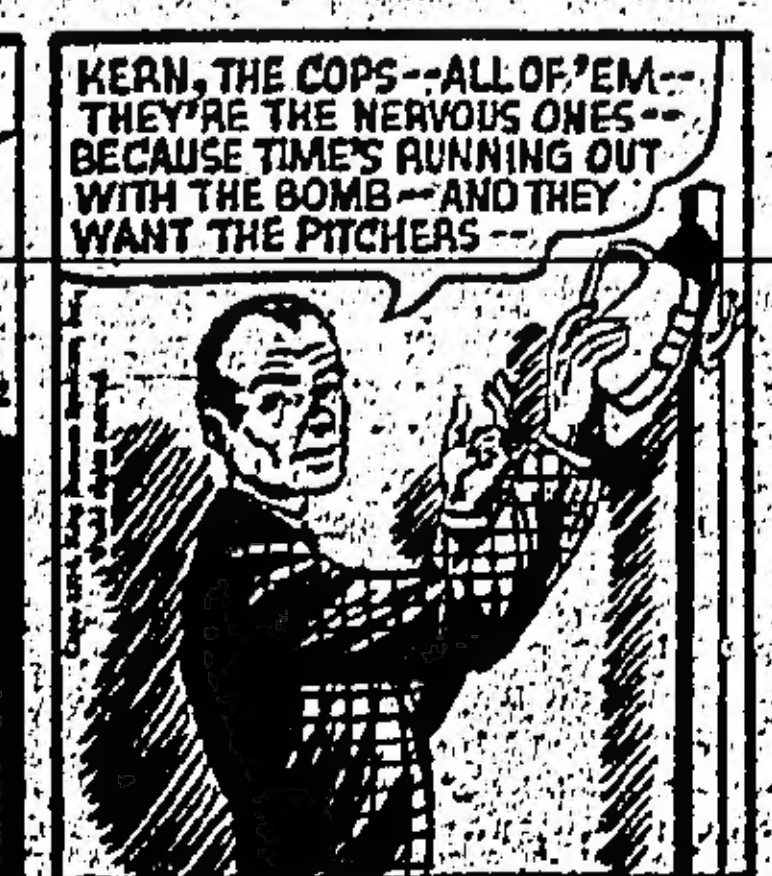
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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





## Concluding: Back-room Boys Of The CID

## THE EXPERT WHO STUDIES BULLETS

By William Smyly

THE crack of a pistol fired at close range set my head rocking like an Easter beiry. As the ringing cleared, a quiet voice was saying something about "a beautiful bullet with every mark as clear as crystal."

If you have never heard the sound of a six-shooter fired in a small room and want the experience of being deaf for a while, you don't have to visit a Wild West saloon on cow punchers' pay day. Cowboys tote six shooters in Arizona now only for films, and they buy Cadillacs instead of Palermos by writing drafts on a New York city bank. New methods get fatter profits out of fatter cattle — and they're safer.

But the chap to see for this old-fashioned experience is Mr. F. A. Ewins of the Hongkong CID, who keeps a couple of snuffed shooting boxes in a soundproof closet opening off his office on the third floor of Police Headquarters.

You can recognise this floor from Queen's Road by looking for Inspector R. G. Griggs' filing cabinets in the Identification Bureau at the north end. Next to these windows comes the Photographic Section. Dr. Pang and his Department of Forensic Science is at the other end. And Mr Ewins comes between.

## VELOCITY

Although Mr Ewins has been a policeman or worked with the Police Forces in Shanghai and Hongkong since 1928, his job of Ballistics Officer here is a civilian appointment. He is, in fact, the Hongkong Government expert on guns and explosives.

The small shooting boxes are an example of "entity" done it. One of them is filled with cotton waste, through which a child could push a pencil. But with a muzzle velocity of 800 feet per second, the bullet hasn't time to work its way politely past the fibres like a pencil. Instead it barges through, tying itself up in a clot of cotton like a bug in a cocoon. It comes to a stop in about nine inches.

The other shooting box is a pile of corrugated cardboard, and finding the bullet is even easier. You just raise a few sheets, and there it is lying between two of them, stopped within six inches.

There are many ways of stopping a bullet. A steel plate

or a sandbag would do as well. But the advantage of cotton and cardboard is that they stop the bullet fast, and so gently that it is undamaged. The use made of these methods illustrated by a fairly typical case from Mr Ewins' records:

A shot is fired and a man is killed. Mr Ewins is in the first party of experts called to the scene. His job is to work out if he can from what point the shot was fired and what it hit; then make a general guess about what has happened to it and where it may have gone, and then find it.

Perhaps the dead man was standing near an open window

The reason for this is a cutting tool is used to cut the lands and grooves to any length of barrel which is made of high tensile steel. The tool is sharpened frequently, and each time it leaves the stone it has a different microscopic edge. So if the tool is sharpened after each cut, each cut will have different microscopic scorings.

Not only this. But the tool is getting blunter during the course of each cut—so even the beginning and the end of each cut will be slightly different under the microscope.

And when a bullet is fired, this microscopic scoring is transferred to it, and can be identified

During the war Mr Ewins found an opportunity to supply a party of Japanese sportsmen with just such bullets when they were going out on a shooting party near Shanghai. He never heard from the party again.

When slow burning cordite explodes, pressure builds up slowly. Back pressure blows the base of the cartridge end on to the breech block and firing pin, marking that with any tool marks there. The sides of a cartridge case expand to fill the chamber and make a gas-tight seal, so these pick up any tool markings that are there. Then the only way left for the rapidly expanding gases to escape is down the barrel, blocked only by a lead or nickel-plated bullet just big enough to fit the barrel snugly and make a gas-tight seal. The bullet is forced down the barrel with a pressure of between four and 13 tons, and leaves the muzzle with a velocity of between 450 and 2,500 feet per second.

So the base of the cartridge, its walls, and the bullet, all carry permanent identifiable marks of the place where they reached the short sharp climax of their manufactured existence.

## TELL-TALE

The apparatus which Mr Ewins uses for this kind of identification is a comparison microscope—one which you look through with both eyes and work with both hands. In each hand he twiddles knobs that arrange position of each bullet or case, till he gets the marks of one to fit so exactly on to the marks of the other that a stranger would think he was looking at one object instead of the halves of two separate objects four inches apart.

When the tell-tale marks have been arranged like this, a camera fitted to the gadget swings into place and photographs the result. This is the picture that appears in court to illustrate Mr Ewins' evidence when it is called for.

In fact, however, Mr Ewins is not often challenged in court. He remains one of the CID back-room boys we do not hear of very often. But there are many other calls on his time. He is sometimes present in mortuary or operating theatre when bullets are extracted. He advises on the probable (or often improbable) course which a bullet takes inside a body as well as outside it, and the behaviour of a bullet. He inspects arms and ammunition to advise on the issue of licences. To him come for disposal the caches of rusty war relics periodically unearthed or hauled up from wells. In cases of gunshot wounds, his opinion is asked on the range at which the shot



Mr Ewins examining bullets under the comparison microscope.

may have been fired which he must judge from "tattoo" marks or deposits of burning powders or ash on flesh, or clothing, and his knowledge of the weapons and charges used.

The shine on Mr Ewins' shoes still betrays a military education. Mr Ewins is also the chap consulted by the Chief Officer of the Fire Brigade before licences are issued for commercial blasting in Hongkong—so he is the one to blame when all your windows get blown in.

If blasting is necessary on the mountainside near St Francis School shortly, where they are building a new extension, he will not only be there to see that the school is warned and evacuated. He will also lay the first charge himself, and further charges will have to keep to the same size.

And once every few months, Mr Ewins is the chap who goes over to Kowloon City Police Station to make a bonfire and destroy a supply of confiscated fireworks. In some cases where an unauthorised manufacturer has used dangerous materials, his factory and seized stocks are destroyed and the firecrackers destroyed by "drowning." But normally, if it is possible to move them—the natural way is not only more effective, it is so much more amusing too.

## BONFIRE

Bullets can make a bad fight in the air, and strike sideways. A high velocity bullet can bore a man as clean as a rifle barrel and do no harm, or strike hard tissue and blow up. A low velocity bullet can lodge in tissue or be deflected. Sometimes a defective charge can drop a rifle bullet ten yards in front of a soldier shooting on the range.

Mr Ewins declares, in his favourite catch phrase: "Once a bullet has been fired no one can tell what is going to happen to it." And that phrase comes after 34 years playing with guns and explosives.

Before joining the Shanghai Police in 1928, he was battalion shot and weapon training instructor in the Northamptonshire Regiment which he joined at his home, Brimsley, at the age of 17 and with which he served for seven years.

## THE BATTLE OF THE 'TACHE

By J. W. TAYLOR

IT'S going to be a close shave, but it may well be that the girls will sway the balance in the Battle of the Moustache. According to some experts of male habits, the wartime boom in 'taches—handlebar, cross-bar, large and small—is on the wane in Britain. Others agree that so far as the handlebar variety of facial adornment is concerned, it may linger yet longer, but they have their doubts.

Quite a lot of feminine students of male habits, however, do not share this view, which is not unnatural when so many of them are still tickled by a moustache. They are unmistakably in favour of the continued growth of the 'tache. As one young thing so succinctly put it: "A kiss from a clean-shaven man is like pork with-out the crackling or beef without the horseradish."

Pointer to the way things are going is the House of Commons, so often a guide to male fashions and foibles. Here of late there has been a gradual decrease in the number of members sporting the top lip growth. The most recent census on this disclosed a mere 82 'taches in a company of 604 male M.P.s, many of whom are political and military war leaders having long since given up its cultivation.

## WARTIME BOOM

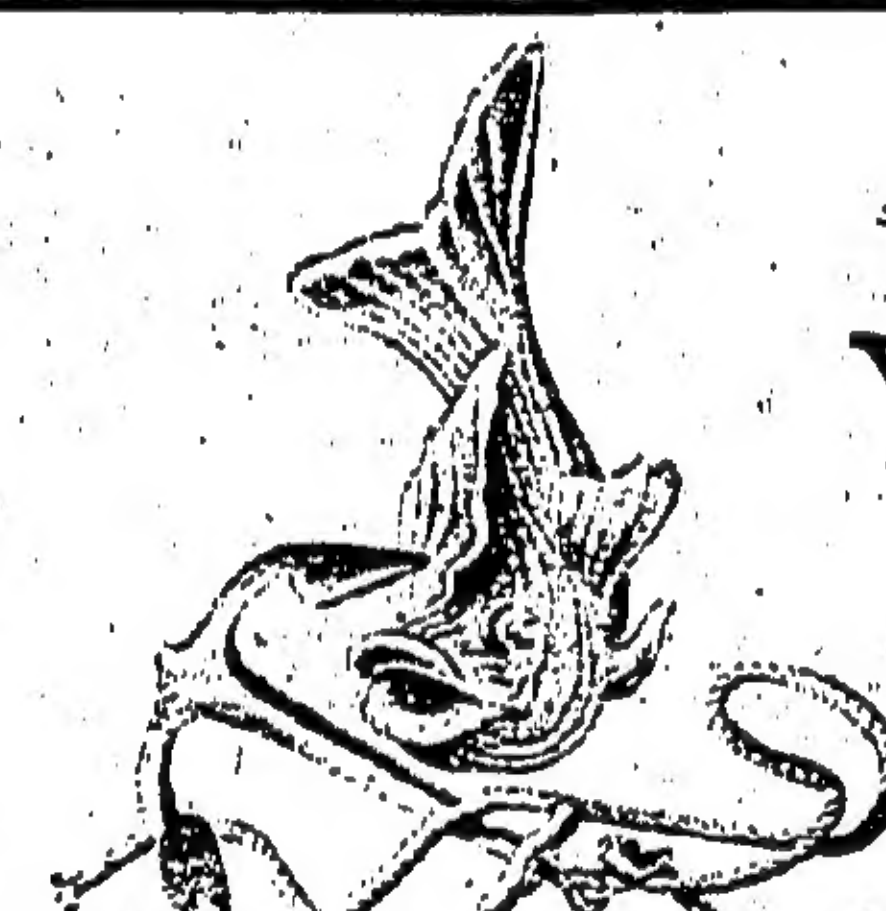
Britain's wartime boom in moustaches, particularly in the RAF, was due to the shortage of razor blades and the women. Thousands of fine specimens luxuriated into the peace, including the magnificent bloom reared after long and anxious hours of cultivation by ex-RSM Reginald Jago, a Shaldon, Devon, hotelier. With much care and devotion over 13 long years, he developed it from a mere "toothbrush" specimen into the 12-inch pride of Army messes all over the country.

Then tragedy. Last June a practical joker crept up behind him and snipped off two inches from the Jago "handlebar." In a later County court action, the "assailant" humbly apologised for his misdeed and agreed to pay the aggrieved Reginald a sum of money. Mr Jago afterwards said: "This has set me back three years in my aim."

The Battle of the 'tache is on!

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## A GHOST HAUNTS THE KREMLIN

By JOHN ATKINSON

A GHOST has returned to the Kremlin after more than two years out in the void.

And its return is one more sign that the new rulers of Russia, Communist Party chief Krushchev, and Premier Bulganin, are preparing to put ex-Premier Malenkov on trial—possibly for treason, possibly for conniving at murder, and perhaps for both.

The ghost is that of Andrei Zhdanov, a burly, dark-haired man with a dandified flash of teeth and a trick of extending one hand, Caesar-like, when speaking.

To see how the stage has been set for his return—sponsored by Moscow Radio—and to sense the tempo this spectacle could strike into the hearts of Malenkov and his friends—just look at THE FACTS.

Hands-on Andrei Zhdanov was appointed by Stalin to run the civilian side of Leningrad's defence in World War Two, under the military command of Marshal Leonid Govarov.

Later, as Soviet culture chief, he soars. Stalin made him a Zhdanov was responsible for the

all-out regimentation of artists, musicians, writers and intellectuals on the tough, anti-Western line dictated by Stalin, with whom he had worked closely for 20 years.

Under the old dictator's guidance and protection, the star of Zhdanov rose until he was regarded as Stalin's chosen heir to the Premiership and his automatic successor as Party chief—with the power that position gives over Russia's 200 million people.

## Only Rival

The only possible rival to Zhdanov was Georgi Malenkov, ex-Kremlin secretary and Zhdanov's junior both in age and prestige.

Now comes the first sensation. While the rest of the world was talking in the summer of 1948 about the swift brilliance of the Olympic Games at Wembley, the Kremlin announced "with great sorrow" that Zhdanov had died "after a long and serious illness." Its nature has never been explained.

Now it was Malenkov's turn to soar. Stalin made him a senior secretary in the Party, admitted his card-index memory and groomed him as his successor. Poker-faced Malenkov moved with precision up the ladder of prestige.

THE FACTS vault forward to January 13, 1953. Early that morning Moscow startled the world by announcing that nine doctors, including the Kremlin medical chief, Professor P. I. Yegorov, had been arrested and that they had confessed to killing Andrei Zhdanov by giving him the wrong drug.

They also admitted plotting to kill Marshal Govarov, Zhdanov's wartime commander, said Moscow, and it branded the doctors as British agents.

In less than two months Stalin had died of a stroke. At once Malenkov succeeded him as Premier and took full power. And inside a further month the nine doctors were freed. Malenkov must certainly have had a hand in that.

THE FACTS—as given by the Soviet newspaper, Pravda, are these: "The arrests were a mistake. The charges against the doctors were false. Their testimony and admissions were obtained by the Ministry of Security through methods strictly forbidden by law. The guilty persons have been arrested."

They included security chief Lavrenti Beria and two of his underlings, M. D. Ruminn and Victor Abakumov. Malenkov had all of them shot. Then he seemed safe.

But working against him was the toughest adventurer in the Soviet Union, Communist Party chief Nikita Krushchev.

Krushchev was who tamed the rebellious Ukraine after World War Two. He was helped by Colonel Ivan Serov, a man with a terrifying record as a liquidator.

## Secret Police

And they—as Malenkov's enemies—came into THE FACTS just two months ago.

On February 1, Colonel Serov was given a Cabinet seat as Minister of Security—in charge of the secret police. The same day, seven new judges were appointed to the Supreme Court—which tries traitors.

And the next day, February 8, Malenkov admitted his "guilt and mistakes" and resigned as Prime Minister. Krushchev named his successor, Marshal Nikolai Bulganin. And this political warrior was formerly a friend of Andrei

Zhdanov, whose ghost now returns to the Kremlin scene and peers quizzically at Malenkov.

Zhdanov's name had not made the headlines since the "doctors' plot" in January, 1953. But now Moscow Radio is starting him "for his part in drafting some of the sharpest points in the Communist Party constitution."

He is given credit for proposing the election of officials by secret ballot and—this point is stressed by radio speakers—"the strict method of dealing with the affairs of Party members."

Malenkov has not been seen in public since March 22. He is, presumably, still a Party member. But THE FACTS and Zhdanov's ghost pose these questions:

Are Party chief Krushchev and Premier Bulganin preparing to "deal strictly" with Malenkov as the constitution decrees?

And will the ghost be a silent witness at a purge court in which Malenkov is accused of murdering with the doctors' aid, his old rival, Andrei Zhdanov, and the (fraud?) Marshal Leonid Govarov?

Govarov, Zhdanov's wartime commander (remember?) died on March 20 last. A heart attack, said Moscow.



OMEGA Seamaster Calendar

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OMEGA 11500



# ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY

HE slumped in the corner of the bar feeling as miserable as a St Bernard in the tropics. "My! Mr P." said Gladys, giving him his pint, "you do seem down to night. Trouble at home again?"

He nodded. A man can be nagged by his wife and yet laugh sometimes; he can even have his mother-in-law living with him and still raise a smile occasionally; but when a worthless lout of a brother-in-law is also a permanent resident—well,

"They don't like me coming here of an evening," he told the sympathetic Gladys.

"They say there are too many odd jobs to be done about the place."

"Well," declared the barmaid, tossing her blonde curls. "That's a bit thick I must say. The only little spot of pleasure you get—you ought to stick up for yourself, Mr P. Tell them a thing or two. Coming, sir..."

He watched Gladys go to the other end of the bar. All very well to talk; take a good man to fight three at once. And in his heart he knew perfectly well he couldn't tackle them separately, either.

Slipping his pint he glanced around. The place was almost empty except for the party by the window. Four men and three girls, there were—all laughing and chattering away in high spirits. Mr Pendrake nodded in their direction.

By Edwin James

"Then? From the Circus, they are. Bit boisterous for eight o'clock, I must say." Gladys eyed them coldly. "You going to the show, Mr P?"

He shook his head.

"Mabel's not very fond of circuses. She says 'they're nasty smelly things, and besides, she can't stand the noise.'"

He had to raise his voice slightly because of the hubbub coming from the table in the window. But while he was speaking it appeared that everyone had decided to drink at the same time. Mr Pendrake's last few words rang clearly through the public bar of The Lion.

For a moment, it was very, very quiet. The party by the

"I wasn't then. But if you can deal with in-laws you can tackle lions. It's much the same sort of thing. Make up your mind to be boss—that's the secret. You could do it."

"Me?"

"Of course. Now listen..."

As the Great Bronstein talked, swiftly, convincingly, a great new world dawned before Mr Pendrake. A world in which his word was law; where Mabel and her Mother and that good for nothing Percy all trembled before his gaze, hurried to do his bidding.

Halfway through his second pint, he was suddenly convinced he could do it...



# IF LABOUR GETS BACK

By A Special Correspondent

Whether Britain's next Prime Minister is Sir Anthony Eden or Mr Clement Attlee, one of his most momentous early decisions must be choosing a Colonial Secretary. For this one-time "backwater" post has of recent years become one of the most vital and closely scrutinised of all Cabinet jobs. If the Conservatives are returned at the next General Election the chances are largely "no change." But if Labour wins...

Here, in a series of two articles, a Special Correspondent reviews the possibilities.

London. Mr "Nye" Bevan was credited with colonial aspirations, and if he behaves himself sufficiently to produce an illusion of unity within the Party he will doubtless claim high office as his reward.

But the Colonial Office today attracts the limelight, and if Mr Attlee could stow Mr Bevan away where he would make least trouble he would certainly do so.

Much more likely, if Labour got in, is that the Colonial Secretaryship would go to a "safe" man, unlikely to raise difficulties by extreme policies.

It is noticeable that, on more than one occasion recently, the lead in colonial debates has been entrusted to Mr Arthur Bottomley, who is regarded as "sound" by his colleagues, and "reasonable" by his opponents. Certainly many of his own people believe he is being "groomed" for the Colonial Office when his Party gets back.

## Certain Starter

For one of the junior posts in the Colonial Office, James Johnson is a certain starter, always provided he keeps his seat at Rugby, on which his hold is pretty tenuous. And falling him, the office might have its first woman Under-Secretary in Mrs Elrene White, who specialises in colonial topics. Though "set-inclined" she is by no means an extremist. She is at heart a Welsh Radical of the old school.

In the Upper House Lord Ogmores—Mr Rees-Williams as he was when Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies—speaks for his Party with undisputed authority on colonial affairs. And if Labour gets in, Lord Ogmores will probably bid for one of the political governorships of which he has been so strong an advocate.

It is a minor post for the colonies to go to a peer then the Earl of Lichen will be in the running. At least this ex-Guardian will not stray very far from what is safe and decorous.

It is a fair assumption, then, that a Labour team at the Colonial Office would represent the "middle of the road" group, with a trend to the right, if anything.

## Free Hand

It is true that in the last few years, especially after the serious rift among the Socialists was first disclosed, there has been little attempt by the men at the top to check the colonial policy criticisms from the extreme left.

But it is one thing to give the outside wing a free hand in opposition, quite another to let the "wild men" loose when they sit on the Government's Front Bench. And Mr Attlee and those who would help him choose a Cabinet are far too shrewd to entrust a portfolio like the Colonies to one who might land the Party in serious difficulties through an extreme and provocative policy. For if there is one lesson to be learned from the last few years, it is that the Colonial Office is now one of the most explosive posts in the Cabinet.

It would not be impossible today, in fact, for a government of Britain to fall through the mismanagement of a colonial situation.

(To be continued on Monday)

By Frank Robbins

HE adopted a threatened attitude in front of Mr Pendrake who, for the moment, was speechless.

"Complainin' weren't you? About me and my friends? If you don't like the sound of our voices you know what you can—"

Gladys intervened quickly. "He wasn't talking about you," she declared hotly. "It's his wife—she—"

"Oh!" The man from the circus assumed a pained expression. "And 'oo asked you to chirp up, blonde?—e can talk for 'imself, can't 'e?"

"Just a minute," cried Mr Pendrake in sudden anger. "Don't you talk like that to Gladys or I'll—"

"Or you'll what?" asked the big man.

But Mr Pendrake didn't reply. He couldn't—because a burly fist had grabbed his shirt at the neck and twisted it so that his collar stud pressed into his windpipe. He felt as if he were being raised in the air. Never had he been so helpless.

"That will do!"

The words cut across the silence like the lash of a whip. Mr Pendrake found himself lowered on to his stool again with a bump.

THE door swinging shut behind him, the newcomer strode across and stood by Mr Pendrake, who watched, amazed, the change in the big man's attitude.

"Get out of here," commanded the figure at his side. "And take your friends with you. Go on, get out. You'll hear more of this."

The big fellow started to say something, changed his mind, and turned away. Why, he positively shuddered, thought Mr Pendrake, straightening his tie. He began to mumble his thanks, but the other cut him short.

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THE downstairs lights were on, as he let himself in. When he opened the dining-room door, the scene was so familiar he almost laughed. Mabel, glancing up sharply from her knitting, Mother-in-law squinting daggers over the top of her spectacles and drumming her fingers on the cover of her book; and Percy—that lout Percy—in Mr Pendrake's favourite armchair, reading the evening paper and not bothering to look up at all.

He went in.

"Where—?"

"I've been with friends in The Lion," Mr Pendrake spoke firmly but kindly. "Any objection?"

Mabel stared. Her mother recovered first.

"Yes, we've—keeping us up all hours—"

"You know where your bedroom is, don't you? Ought to be here long enough."

"Well!"

Round One to me, he thought. He cracked the whip.

"Of course, if you don't like the arrangements here, you can always go elsewhere, can't you? I'll look up the trains."

"Henry!" gasped Mabel. "Have you gone mad?"

"Drunk, more like it," Percy rustled the newspaper. "I can't concentrate with all this row going on."

Mr Pendrake moved across and stood behind the armchair. He paused, savouring this delicious moment. Then with a sudden heave, he tipped the chair forward. Percy fell with a clatter into the fireplace.

"I don't like violence," announced Henry Pendrake calmly. "But if you want it, you can have it."

THEY'D already started their meal when he quietly opened the dining-room and sidled to his place at the table. His shoulders drooped, his face settled into gloomy grooves. He gave the evening paper to Percy as he always did.

Mabel cleared her throat.

"Henry—we've been talking—"

"Encouraged by his silence, she went on, more firmly. "It's quite impossible for Mother to travel just yet, you know how ill she is."

"Of course, dear," said Henry Pendrake.

"Listen to this," broke in Percy. "You know the circus that's here? Nasty business this morning. Lion-tamer mauled. Interviewed at the hospital the Great Bronstein said 'It's all a game of bluff. There's bound to be a day of reckoning. You can only get away with it for so long...'

THE door swinging shut behind him, the newcomer strode across and stood by Mr Pendrake, who watched, amazed, the change in the big man's attitude.

"Get out of here," commanded the figure at his side. "And take your friends with you. Go on, get out. You'll hear more of this."

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THE downstairs lights were on, as he let himself in. When he opened the dining-room door, the scene was so familiar he almost laughed. Mabel, glancing up sharply from her knitting, Mother-in-law squinting daggers over the top of her spectacles and drumming her fingers on the cover of her book; and Percy—that lout Percy—in Mr Pendrake's favourite armchair, reading the evening paper and not bothering to look up at all.

He went in.

"Where—?"

"I've been with friends in The Lion," Mr Pendrake spoke firmly but kindly. "Any objection?"

Mabel stared. Her mother recovered first.

"Yes, we've—keeping us up all hours—"

"You know where your bedroom is, don't you? Ought to be here long enough."

"Well!"

Round One to me, he thought. He cracked the whip.

"Of course, if you don't like the arrangements here, you can always go elsewhere, can't you? I'll look up the trains."

"Henry!" gasped Mabel. "Have you gone mad?"

"Drunk, more like it," Percy rustled the newspaper. "I can't concentrate with all this row going on."

Mr Pendrake moved across and stood behind the armchair. He paused, savouring this delicious moment. Then with a sudden heave, he tipped the chair forward. Percy fell with a clatter into the fireplace.

"I don't like violence," announced Henry Pendrake calmly. "But if you want it, you can have it."

THEY'D already started their meal when he quietly opened the dining-room and sidled to his place at the table. His shoulders drooped, his face settled into gloomy grooves. He gave the evening paper to Percy as he always did.

Mabel cleared her throat.

"Henry—we've been talking—"

"Encouraged by his silence, she went on, more firmly. "It's quite impossible for Mother to travel just yet, you know how ill she is."

"Of course, dear," said Henry Pendrake.

"Listen to this," broke in Percy. "You know the circus that's here? Nasty business this morning. Lion-tamer mauled. Interviewed at the hospital the Great Bronstein said 'It's all a game of bluff. There's bound to be a day of reckoning. You can only get away with it for so long...'

THE door swinging shut behind him, the newcomer strode across and stood by Mr Pendrake, who watched, amazed, the change in the big man's attitude.

"Get out of here," commanded the figure at his side. "And take your friends with you. Go on, get out. You'll hear more of this."

The big fellow started to say something, changed his mind, and turned away. Why, he positively shuddered, thought Mr Pendrake, straightening his tie. He began to mumble his thanks, but the other cut him short.

"I must apologise. It's people like that, that give the Circus a bad name. They think because they bang in a couple of tent pegs, they own the earth. I'm very sorry it happened."

Mr Pendrake was taking in the details of his benefactor. He's not much taller than I am, he thought. But his shoulders looked powerful and he carried himself well. There was an air of authority about him. Most noticeable of all were his eyes—very blue, very intense. His name, it appeared, was Bronstein, billed as the Great Bronstein, terror of the lions.

"You're a lion-tamer?" breathed Gladys, wide-eyed. "My! You ought to get a few tips, Mr P. Perhaps you could tame those relations of yours."

The Great Bronstein looked interested.

"In-laws? Ah, I've had that trouble. Lived with one and made my life a misery, they did. Then one day, I made the decision; I'd show them I was master in my own house. Put my foot down hard—and there's been no bother since."

There was a pause.

"Of course," began Mr Pendrake, "it's easier for you. I mean, being a lion-tamer..."

His companion coughed slightly.

"Tomorrow," said the aggressor, "you can get out of here. I'm sick of the sight of you."

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Going home in the bus, he unfolded the evening paper.

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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Unique Bolero To Accompany  
Organdy Dinner Gown

This bell-shaped dinner gown in white organdy is by Hubert de Givenchy. It is worn with a unique bolero of the same material. The skirt has embroidered pink roses and green leaves.—Agence France-Press.

New Spring Bonnets Have Fancy  
Trimmings

By Dorothy Barkley

London. LONDON is waking up from a long, cold and miserable winter and putting on her Sunday best for Spring. Window boxes everywhere going gay, daffodils and tulips out in the parks. Shops look livelier, with "buy-something-new-for-Spring" displays.

This is not entirely for our own benefit, of course. For this is the time of year when our overseas visitors—you recognise them by the cameras slung over their shoulders and by the sun tan—begin to arrive in town. They see the sights, shop for souvenirs, look up old friends. But there's always something new to look for, too.

★ ★ ★

New restaurants, for instance. So many have sprung up since the end of food-rations that there's something to suit everyone—in decor as well as diet. You can have a French fish soup served in colourful surroundings of tangerine walls and Edwardian posters; a pineapple drink in a Cuban atmosphere (with toucans caged in the background); or a continental pastry in an Italian bar complete with creeping plants, hanging ivy, venetian blinds, bamboo coat stand, primitive pottery sculpture, and sunny Italian scenes painted on the walls.

Perhaps a more subtle symbol of Spring is seen in fashion. First comes the bonnet. This



Left: A black straw boater trimmed with roses and fine black veiling. Right: A white straw "sauce" hat trimmed with tropical fruit.

year there's a craze for home-made hats, and with the small half-hats of current fashion this is easier than it sounds. Most of them follow the same basic principle and consist of a small triangular shaped crown, held in place by wired ear pieces. Jewelled brooches, fruit or flowers make the trimmings, and are held in place by a few stitches. They are easily changed to go with different outfits.

★ ★ ★

For those who don't claim to be a second Age Thasarp, there are plenty of hats of the ready-made variety. To show that there is something extra special about a Spring bonnet, we have picked the two illustrated here. They are saucer shaped, sit straight on top of the head. Trimmings which may be quite unusual, are entirely optional, depending on how far you are prepared to enter into the Spring atmosphere.

By way of trimming, the small black straw boater has two roses mounted on a long stem, a narrow white ribbon and fancy veiling. The white straw hat, with rolled edges, has green crests to secure it to your head, and is decorated with bunches of tropical fruit.

Newly arrived in London—and just the thing for visitors from hot countries—is the tweed street dress—and by that I don't mean the thick Harris tweed variety. The new tweeds, all British, are lightweight and so fine that they give warmth without overheating. They are

New York. **TO** be expert at choosing fabrics this spring, start by becoming a stranger in your own home.

People often ask me where to start in re-decorating a room which has grown all too familiar in its current dress. I always tell them:

"Walk into the room as though you had never seen it before. Try to see it from a completely detached point of view, as a dramatic critic looks at a new play. After all, you are a different woman from the one who picked those fabrics the last time. You're wiser. You've seen more. Put this acquired knowledge to work."

## Colour Main Guide

To help select new fabrics, there are certain guideposts: colour, pattern, texture, in that order. And the one that will do most for the room is colour.

The size of the room, and the amount of sunlight, help to determine a change. Every room should have a sense of spaciousness... one way to achieve it if the room is small, is to keep draperies and walls the same solid colour.

If a room is flooded with sunlight all day, select from the cool range of colour: the blues, greens, greys.

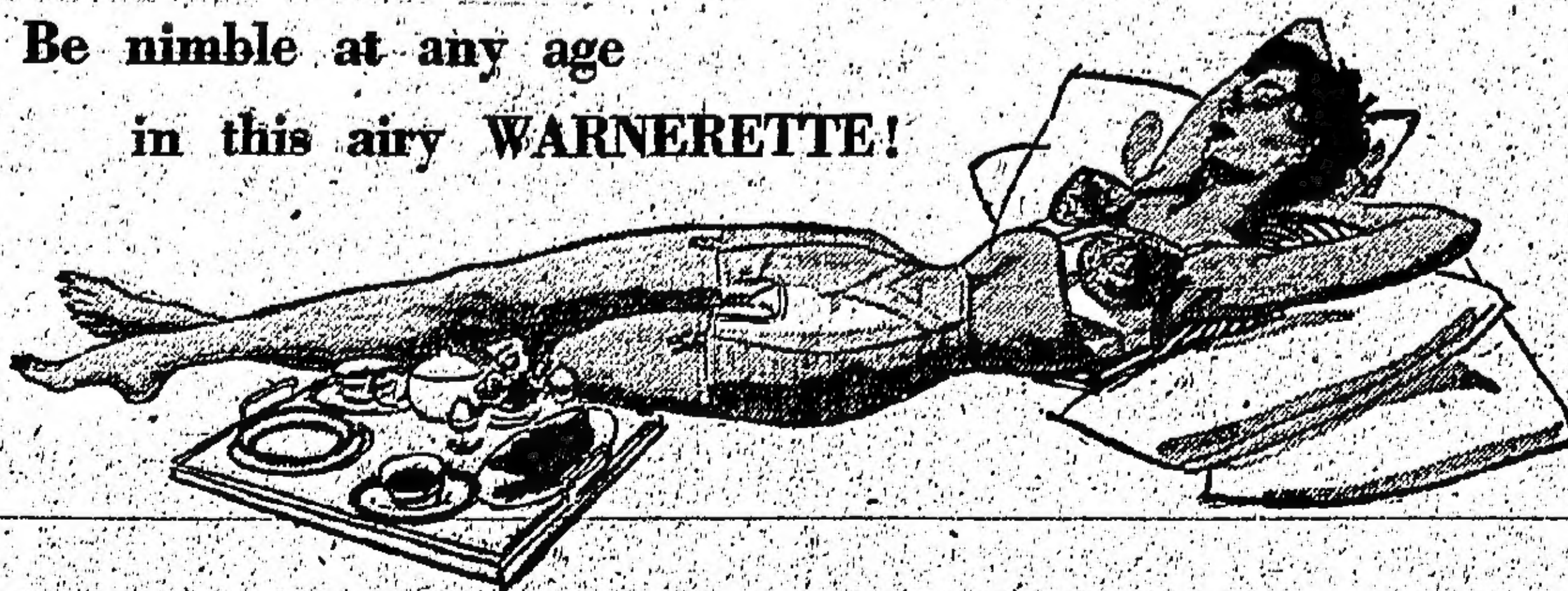
If it is dark, then go to the bright end of the colour scale: the yellows, reds, oranges... and today's special darling, pink.

Your key colour will be at your windows, for in general, drapery fabric is the first to be chosen. Will it be a dowry

—Beatrice West

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THE SHAPE OF WOMEN  
HAS CHANGED

By Anne Edwards and Druilla Beyfus

WHAT went on in our world during the Big Silence? Plenty. In a million ways the London scene moved on...

First, the shape of women changed. For the A-line girl caught on, and the Girl With a Waist began to fade from the picture.

Everywhere you heard women talking about the A-line. "Imagine me in the A-line," they said. But the shops were canvassed reported: "They ask for it. They try it. And they buy it."

This is the fastest-ever fashion to catch on. Already the chain-store level of business is on to it, and these are the customers who are usually slowest on the uptake of a new fashion.

"All our merchandise is A-line from now on," said Mr. J. Wallis, managing director of a chain of shops selling dresses in £2 to £5 range. "I'm not putting any more of the old bread-and-butter numbers into my shops."

## SPLASH!

## Around the shops

★ AFTER a safari round the London shops we can report that they have never been more bustling with good things to buy.

Along Oxford Street we spotted all these—

The new favourite material: gloves for summer in town, shattering in clear pinks, blues and yellows.

And new, white gloves which answer the problem of white gloves for summer in town. They are cool and cotton and cheap.

As every white-cotton-glove-wearer knows, two cheap pairs in the hand are worth more than one super-pair waiting to be washed.

Striped skirts, blue striped on white, perfect for wearing around the house with a cotton sweat shirt and much better than your husband's stuff, in view, than those Paisley print-overalls that cost around the same.

A hat that could easily be Paris—the first version we have seen of those enchanting opera-hat straws made by Pauline Smith and set and



SPLASH! goes the money on that pearly little hat

pearly—the sort of thing English women should wear instead of the usual felt hat with a wing on it.

Along Piccadilly we saw it. The latest cane chair for loggia lounging: a symbol of what the English middle-class woman longs to retire to—a house in the country and herself lying idly on one of those swinging lounge chairs which swing gently under the apple tree.

In one side there is a riot for the latest magazines and over her head a canopy for when the sun gets really hot. And, of course, by her side a little table for her China tea.

Not that she often achieves such longing, or could afford the lounge chair if she did—it is £47.

Within a step or two, though, was an idea more within our grasp—a bottle of white food port—to serve as a cocktail before dinner.

Delicious (we tried it)... and a good white port is cheaper than a good cherry.

One shop in Piccadilly invited all its customers for the week to come and taste its new cheeses—a dozen of each. Could there be a better way to soften up a customer?

"Young people," said the wine and cheese man, "have never tasted good cheese and we're out to educate them."

## The charm!

Off along to Piccadilly Circus—and here is something new in luggage: inexpensive suitcases which are durable and smart, with leather handles and leather corners, in three sizes.

Round in Regent Street we stumbled on magic.

"In 20 seconds you will be more beautiful," said the package of the new make-up. All we had to do, the label assured us, was to dab it here and there and watch it charm away all imperfections.

We dabbed here and there and waited. Would the 20 seconds ever end? We peered in the mirror. We looked just the same—not one year younger.

Cutting through into Bond Street we came upon the great little saucerpan we had ever seen. It is a white fire-proof porcelain, hand-painted with a trail of green ivy leaves, with a lid to match. Perfect for serving straight from the oven.

Further along the street and much lower down in the price scale is another new idea for the kitchen—an imitation lemon filled with real lemon juice.

## FLASH!

## Around the news

FLASH: The Queen had a present most housewives would welcome—a year's supply—32lb.—of detergent to use in a new washing machine that Prince Philip bought here.

FLASH: A little French restaurant in Chelsea had an idea we would like to spread. They invited all their old customers to a pink champagne and caviar party, to celebrate the opening of a new dining room.

FLASH: A Woman in New York will never forget the day that she shook hands with the wife of the President. "I was so embarrassed I could die," said Mrs. Durrant Crane. For she was wearing a green taffeta dress that was a replica of Mrs. Eisenhower's.

FLASH: A scene that sums up "success-American style." Eddie Fisher, America's No. 1 boy crooner, lolling back in a silk dressing gown after his performance, with a retinue of other guys waiting for his commands. "Get me a Coke, Jake." "Open the window, Bill." "Close the door, Al."

FLASH: Miss Palmer showing how a woman driver should look—and seldom does. She sat swathed in pale fur at the wheel of a big black sporting Bentley and zoomed past the sparkling lights in Piccadilly.

FLASH: Mrs. Gerald Legge at a cocktail party. Looking at a splendid advertisement for cutting off all those little grape curls. Like Princess Margaret, she had dispensed with them. Mrs. Legge had brushed hers out into a long soft bob and the Princess has cut hers off.

FLASH: We used the story of the dance at which a young Nigerian girl "came home" with the EMBASSY party, remembered surprisingly. London is quite a rest, even for the girl life. In Nigeria?

## Household Hints

Vegetable shortening mixed with home-rendered lard will help keep the lard fresh. It takes two pounds of shortening to each 50 pounds of lard.

When refinishing a piece of furniture with curved woodwork, try this. Lay a piece of wool in taking the finish off. Attach a length of the wool to the gummy side of wide adhesive tape, then pull the wool back and forth across the curved surfaces.

Nail polish remover will take care of the gummy substance left on skin by adhesive tape.

Old rags and those used in painting are fire hazards when thrown into uncovered piles. Spontaneous ignition can result. For safety, place such rags in a galvanized steel pail.

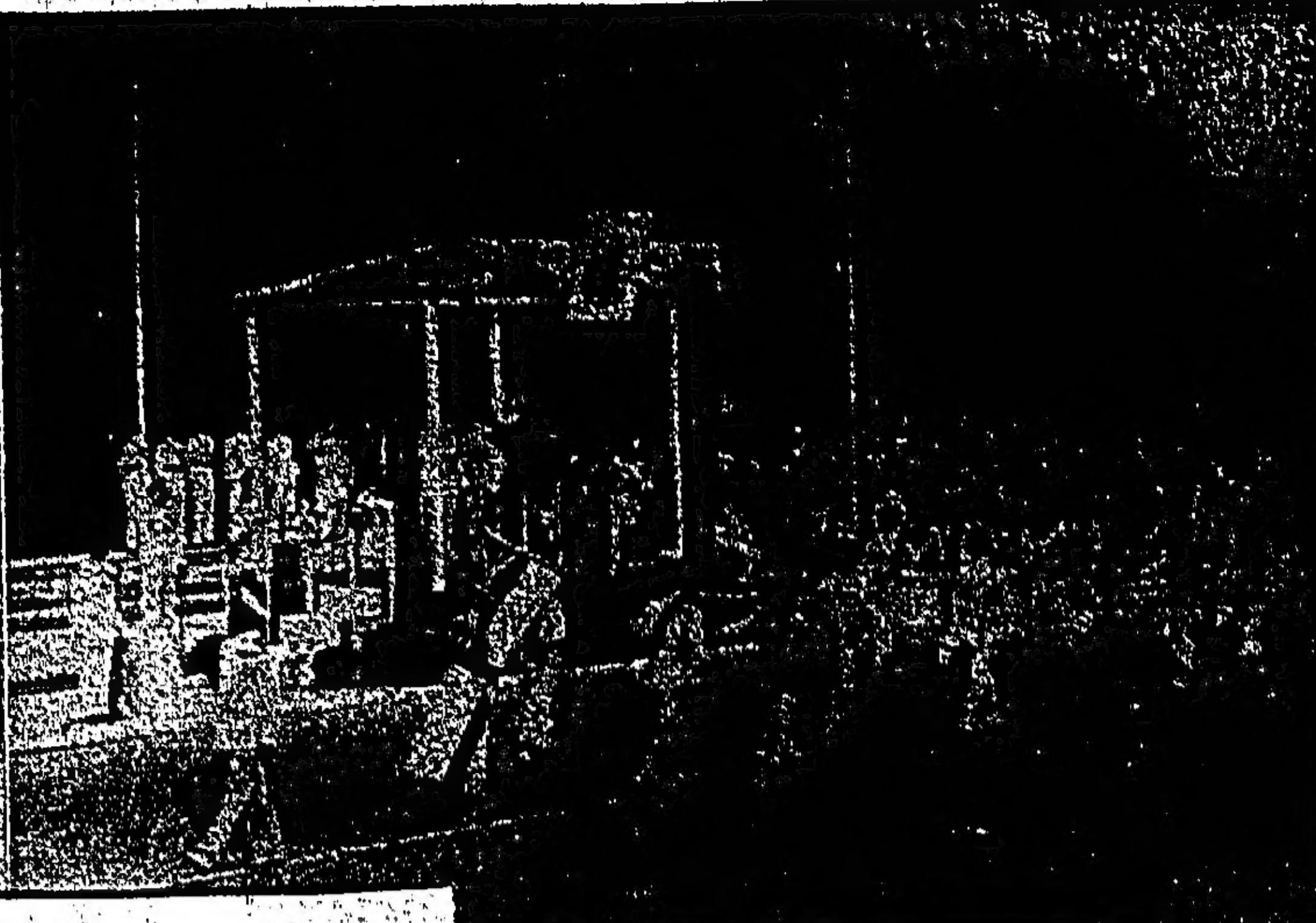
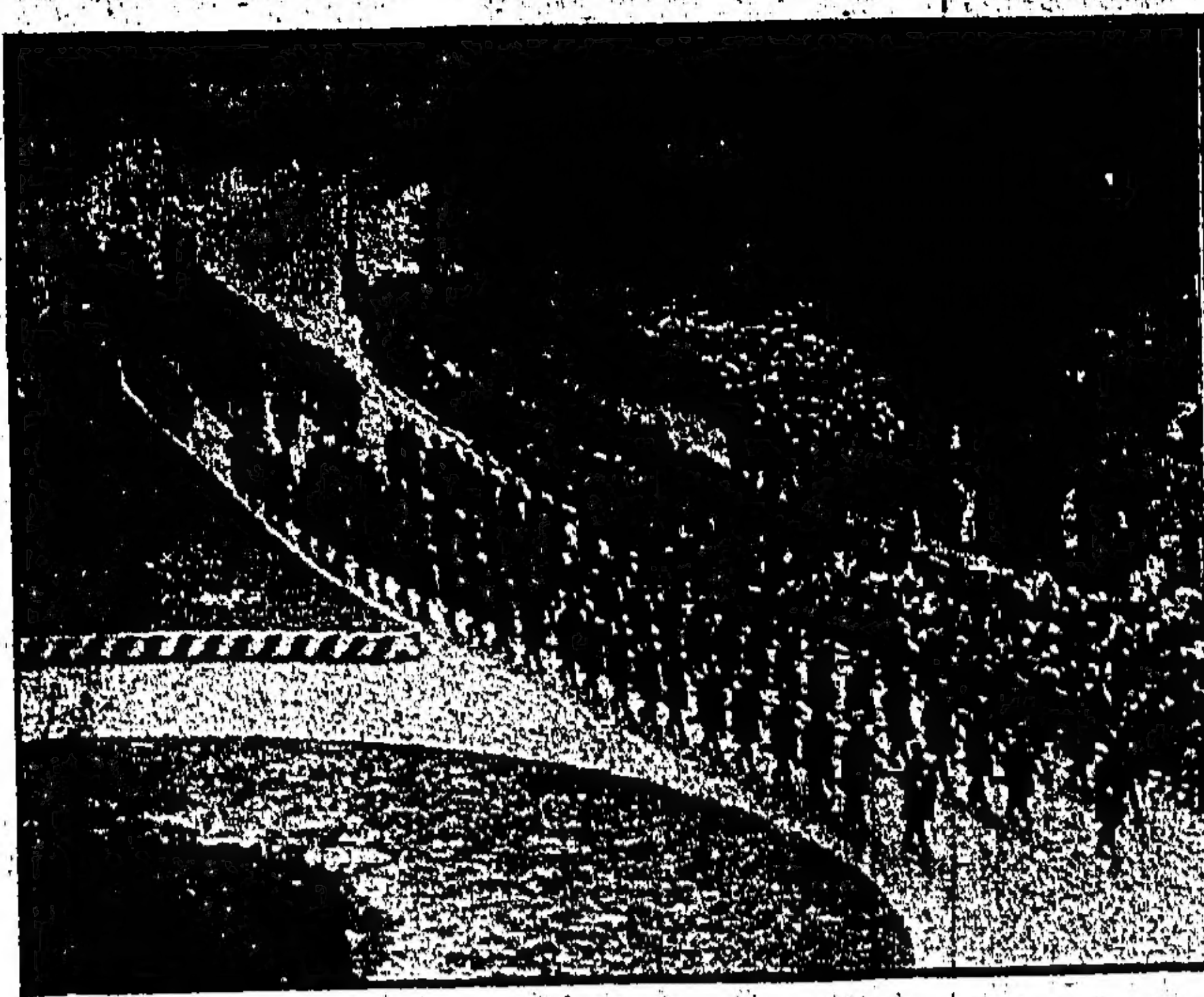
For a taste treat, try braised mushrooms. Slice ½ pound mushrooms; add two tablespoons butter, water, 1½ tablespoons salt and pepper to taste. Cover and cook five minutes. Serve on toast with lemon.

A paper plate in the bottom of the kitchen garbage pail will help keep it dry and clean.

A good cleaner for washable walls and painted woodwork is made by adding one cup of ammonia, ¼ cup vinegar and ¼ cup baking soda to one gallon of water.

Starting sprinkled clothes in the refrigerator until they are not only cooled but also freshened.





NAVY, Army and armoured contingents at the impressive parade held in Kowloon on Wednesday to mark the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen. His Excellency the Governor takes the salute in centre picture. (Staff Photographer)



FINALISTS in the Hongkong University Badminton Club championships. (Ming Yuen)



PROFESSOR L. Justin Besancon, President of the French Red Cross (second from right), who led a French medical delegation to a conference in Tokyo, pictured at the luncheon given by the Alliance Francaise. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. E. B. David, Hongkong's new Colonial Secretary, being greeted on his arrival at Kai Tak Airport last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP photo taken after the christening of Valerie Lynn Jones, daughter of Mr and Mrs E. S. Jones, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Starlite Films)

RIGHT: Mr Frank Allen helping his bride, the former Miss Flora Lo Kwan-hing, to cut the cake at their wedding reception last Saturday. (Willie's)

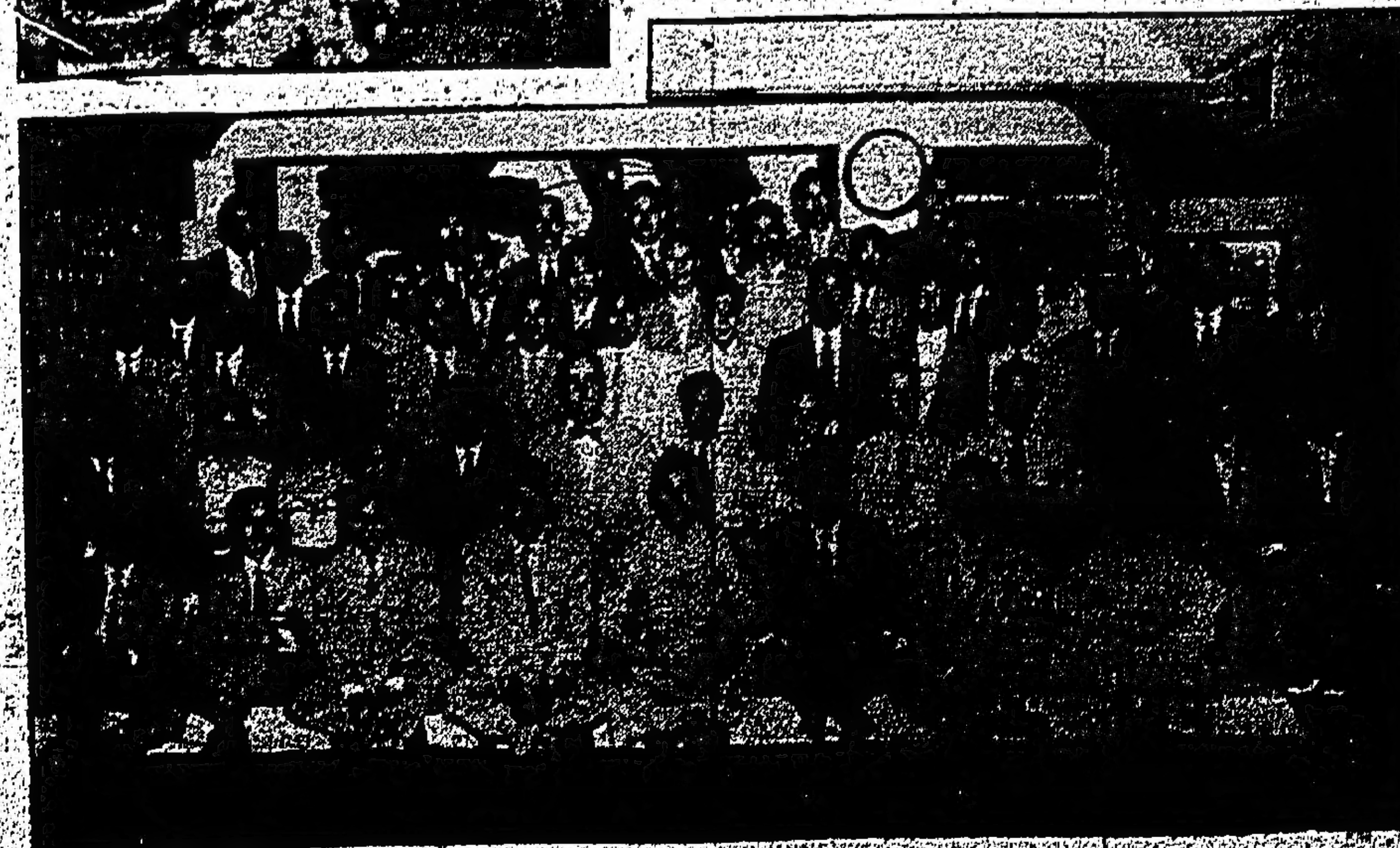


LAST Saturday's wedding at St John's Cathedral: Captain Thomas William Hancock and Miss Rosemary Elizabeth Swabey. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at St Andrew's Church on Wednesday of Mr John Wabber, Assistant Superintendent of the Hongkong Police, and Miss Audrey Thurston. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Members of the Yaumati Kaifong Welfare Advancement Association and guests present at the farewell dinner given in honour of Chief Inspector R. B. Davies last Saturday. Mr Davies is in centre of second row. (Staff Photographer)



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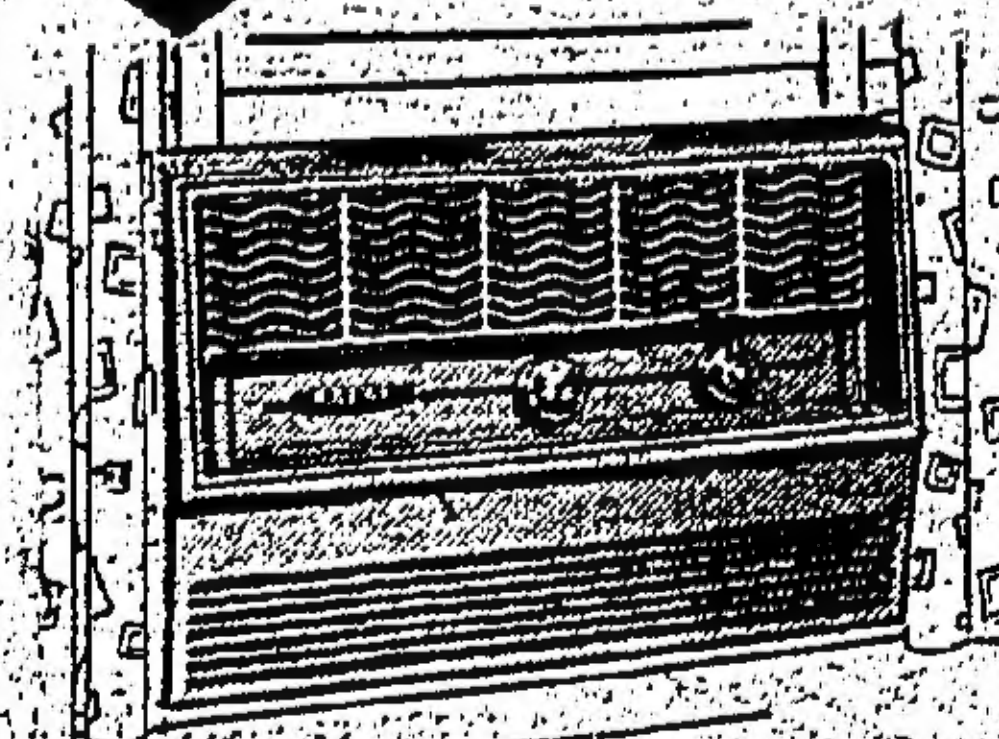
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SCENES at the Jubilee Ball of the Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children, which was held at the Repulse Bay Hotel. On the left: The Three Dutch Dolls (Regina Kwok, Linda Liao and Hazel Ewing) who helped in the evening's entertainment. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at the Hongkong Stage Club's production of "The Rivals" at the China Fleet Club Theatre. In centre is Miss Janet Tomplin. A scene from this brilliant comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan is on the right. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: At the farewell party given by members of the Hongkong Women's Auxiliary Army Corps for Sergeant Dulcie Sauber, who is leaving the Colony. Sergeant Sauber is sixth from left in the back row. (Staff Photographer)



MR C. J. B. Leader and Miss Binkie Mackie leaving the Union Church, Kennedy Road, after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

ONE of the many attractive stalls at the Rosary Church bazaar last Sunday. The bazaar was organised to raise funds for the construction of a new Rectory. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs D. L. Prophet, President of the Ladies' Recreation Club, receiving from Mr H. J. Armstrong the box containing the silver trowel which she used to lay the foundation stone of the new clubhouse last week. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. T. Nelson Parker, of Richmond, Virginia, Chairman of the Committee of the Christian Children's Fund, seen off at Kai Tak when he departed for Taipei by officials of the Fund in Hongkong. Mr Parker (fifth from right) was in Hongkong for a few days in the course of a world tour. (Mayfair)

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## About Pet Animals And Birds...

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

PETS in the home are so common as to be almost universal. The traditional cats, canaries, goldfish, and dogs have now been joined by other members of the bird and animal world, besides many other varieties of fish. The health implications of pets in the home are two—physical and psychological. In both areas there are positive and negative values.

On the positive side, there is the value of pets as companions for the lonely—the single person living alone, the widowed of both sexes, the homemaker whose family is away all day at work, the isolated worker such as light house keepers and the like, and many others. Pets contribute to the education and growth of the child, who learns kindness, patience, love, and protectiveness toward the weak and helpless, and responsibility for care and feeding. Pets which reproduce are a help toward teaching the child about this phase of life. Pets have inspired much fine literature and poetry, and many noble and philosophical ideas have been stimulated by them.

### USES AND HAZARDS

Some pets are useful as well as ornamental and psychologically satisfying. The cat in the barn or warehouse may keep down mice and rats. Dogs perform notable services in sheep and cattle country and on the frozen trails of the north, as well as being useful in military and police work as watchdogs. The hamster and the guppy might be difficult to include in the category of useful pets, but they have their educational moments.

Among many pet lovers, it is unpropitious to speak of hazards involved in keeping animals or birds in close association with human beings. Such warnings are too often unjustly regarded as evidence of antagonism

toward pets in general. As a matter of fact, pets are about as common in doctors' families as anywhere else and many physicians have hobbies involving the raising of pets, particularly dogs. Taking proper precautions is in no sense unfavourable to pets; it may save the pet itself from illness and suffering.

Take the matter of rabies, most usually found in dogs, but not absent in any mammal. It is a dreadful and fatal disease in animals or in man. It is preventable by vaccinating dogs, keeping them from running loose, and giving them prompt attention when ill or out of sorts. All dog bites should be reported to health authorities and the patient should have immediate medical attention. Cat, squirrel or monkey bites should have the same precautionary treatment. This is simple common sense, beneficial alike to owner and pet.

### INFECTION SOURCES

Birds of the lovebird, parakeet, parrot, and related types—the psittacines—are subject to an infectious type of diarrhoea known as psittacosis or parrot fever which can affect the human being and can be serious.

Cats, often accused of spreading many diseases, actually are not as bad as they are painted. They carry in their fur germs and spores which cause skin diseases, particularly since cat lovers are prone to put their faces as well as their hands in close contact with the soft cat fur. Cat scratches are often severely infected, because the claws are always dirty and there is a disease called cat-scratch fever.

Aside from hazards, there is the likelihood of unintentional and thoughtless cruelty to pets. Too often pets are left in locked houses while the family goes away. Maybe they are delayed and the pet remains neglected. Or they turn a pet out to forage for itself while they are away. This is a fine way to have the animal pick up diseases, which may be transmitted to children. The keeping of pets is a privilege, which has many advantages. But it is an obligation, too, not to be neglected.

## Talking Things Over

By GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

WHEN one of my sons was about 14, and I began to talk to him one evening in a friendly, companionable fashion, he interrupted with: "Now what's coming, Dad?" I assured him I had no ulterior motive; that I just wanted to enjoy him more. But the occasion must have struck him as so unusual as to bring forth his searching question.

Right then and there, I resolved to find more ways to enjoy him in companionable conversation. As I mused on this matter, then and later, I did a lot of self-examining, and, as I remember now, I found myself improving as time went on.

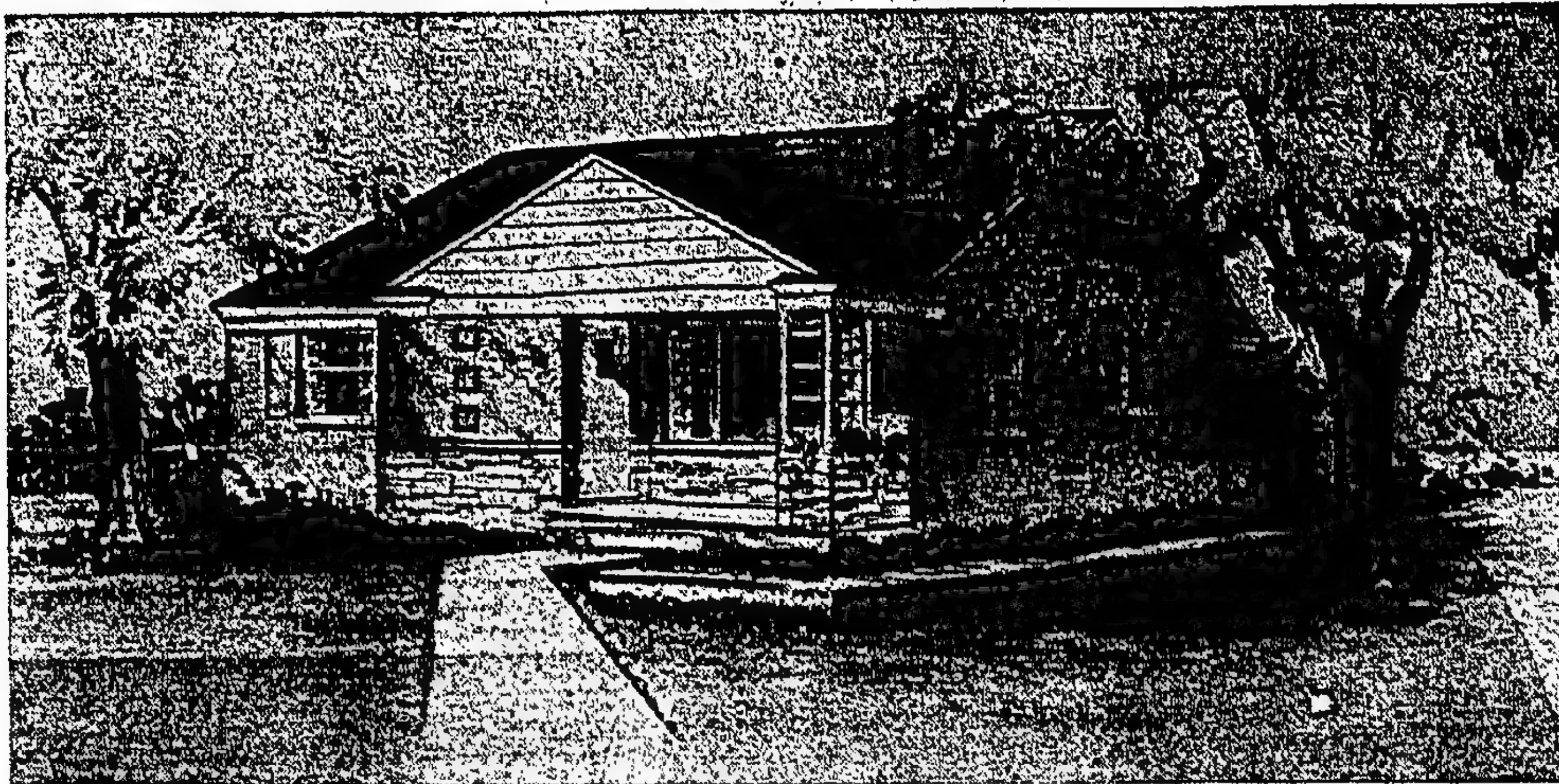
The efficacy of such a "talking-things-over" with the child will depend on the feelings of parent and child toward each other and the related matter during the talking. And this feeling has grown out of all feelings toward each other during days and weeks and months and years. So it would seem good sense to put emphasis on cultivating favourable mutual feelings with a child for some time before "talking it over."

Be sure that on such occasions, no reference is made to something wrong the child may have done. Let us practice at being a friend with the child in conversation and fellowship, so that both of us will have a pleasant time.

Let us try to make this happen often. Let us try to make these occasions so frequent and enjoyable that we will often musing on these happy experiences. Then, when, only once in a while, we must introduce a matter not pleasant to either of us, we might get very desirable results. Thereafter, the child won't necessarily suspect that "something is coming" when we engage him in pleasant conversation.

Isn't it wonderful, before going to sleep, to think over the happy hours we have enjoyed during the day with our child or children?

## ★ Home With A Future ★



THERE'S SUBURBAN CHARM in the design of this comfortable little home. The entrance porch with its picture window is made most attractive by the combination of frame, brick veneer and ledgerrock. For a touch of colour, there's a planting box.

By Joan O'Sullivan

HERE'S a home with a future. The ground floor—living room, dining room, kitchen and two bedrooms—is ready for now. Later, there's a half storey overhead that can be finished off when two additional bedrooms and a bath are needed.

This design combines living and dining areas in one large room. The dining section, near the kitchen, has built-in china cabinets set on either side of a double window.

The living area has a large front picture window along the entrance wall. Adjacent, there's a wall of unbroken space that makes possible varied furniture arrangements.

★ ★ ★

Step into the kitchen, and you'll be delighted with the compact set-up. A U-shaped arrangement of appliances saves steps for the homemaker, while a window over the sink makes the work area bright and cheery. In

addition, there's a dining nook, so the dining area proper won't have to take too much wear and tear. Family meals can be served informally in the kitchen.

Nearby, a hallway leads to the basement stairway and the back door. The rear vestibule has a huge storage closet that could be used for gardening tools.

★ ★ ★

Bedrooms and the bath are reached via a hallway off the living room. Both bedrooms are cross-ventilated and each has a roomy closet. Wall space is good, so that bed placement won't be a problem.

When the time comes for expansion, upstairs can be finished off. The area lends itself to two small bedrooms and a bath. Closet space is good, and additional storage room can be found in a hall linen closet.

All told, the plan comprises 23,287 cubic feet.

## KITCHENS OF TOMORROW

SINCE daydreams have a way of coming true, we pay great attention to experimental projects for future kitchens.

Kitchens of tomorrow have a way of emerging from the blueprints and experimental stage, with women deciding just what improvements have won their approval.

So, we wouldn't be too astonished to see one surprising idea become reality, before too long a time. In the big Kitchen of Tomorrow, appliances are located so they can be reached and controlled from both inside

and outside the home. Thus a meal can be started in the kitchen, and the finishing touches given in the parlor.

The once-a-week shopping gets a nod from the six separate refrigeration units, including a special beverage cooler, ice cube maker and water cooler, food freezer, refrigerator, special vegetable and meat storage unit and outdoor refrigerated bar. When there's a planning desk, complete with a telephone that one can answer without even touching it. At last the homemaker is recognised as a big business executive!

### THE TREND

We fully expect to see these things come to pass before too long. Improvements for all of us, not just a few.

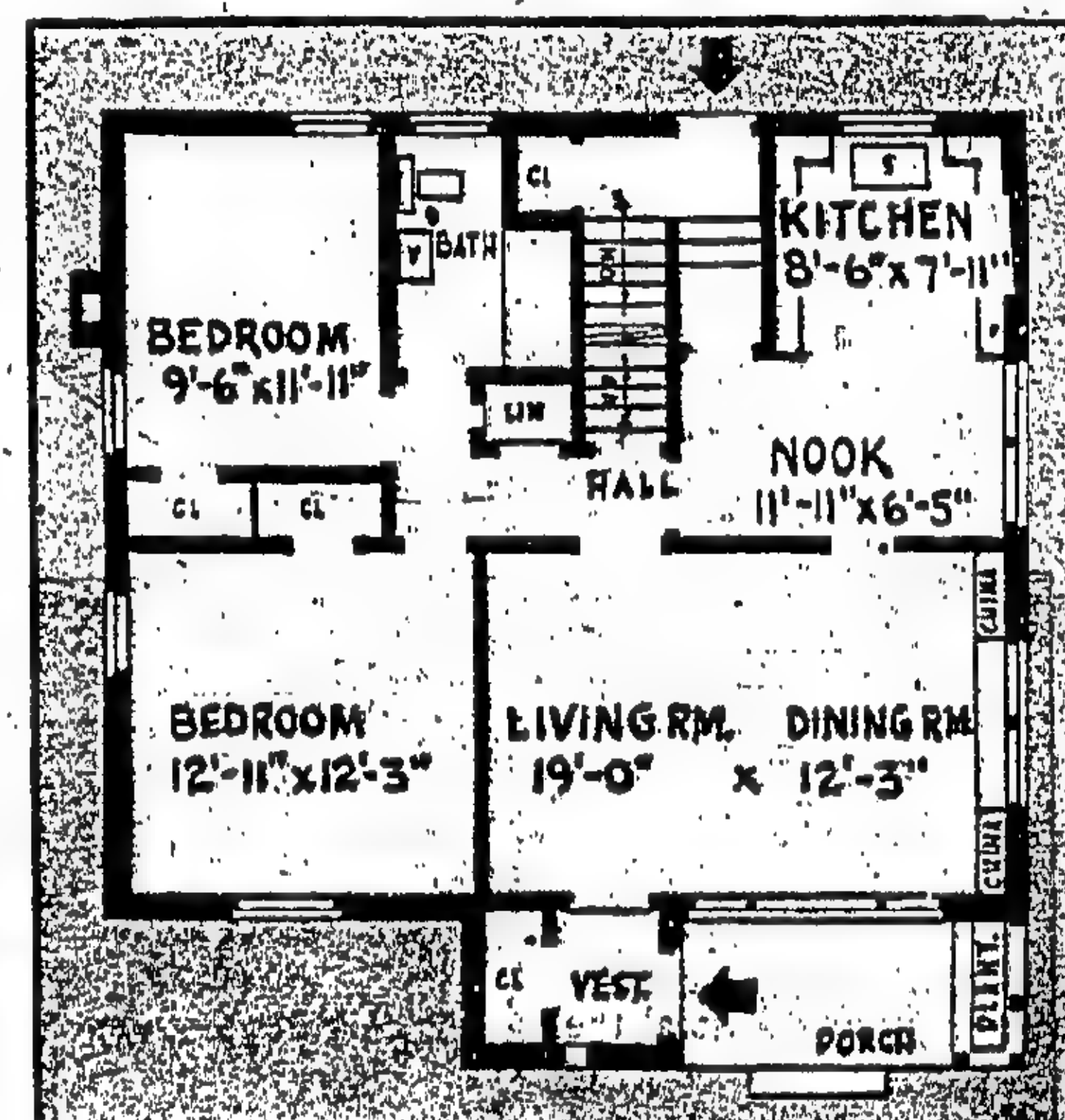
In the meantime, since the big kitchen is the trend, many homemakers want automatic laundry equipment placed there. Use of automatic laundry equipment has reduced space needed for storing soiled clothes and for handling laundry. The equipment may be separated from the rest of the kitchen by a short half-wall which allows for display of, try, or other trailing plants, or handsome dishes.

In many replanned kitchens, the trend is for the food-handling area to be kept in a unit, with mixing, cleanup, cooking and serving centres conveniently arranged. This serves effort and time. The U-shape arrangement is meeting with much favour.

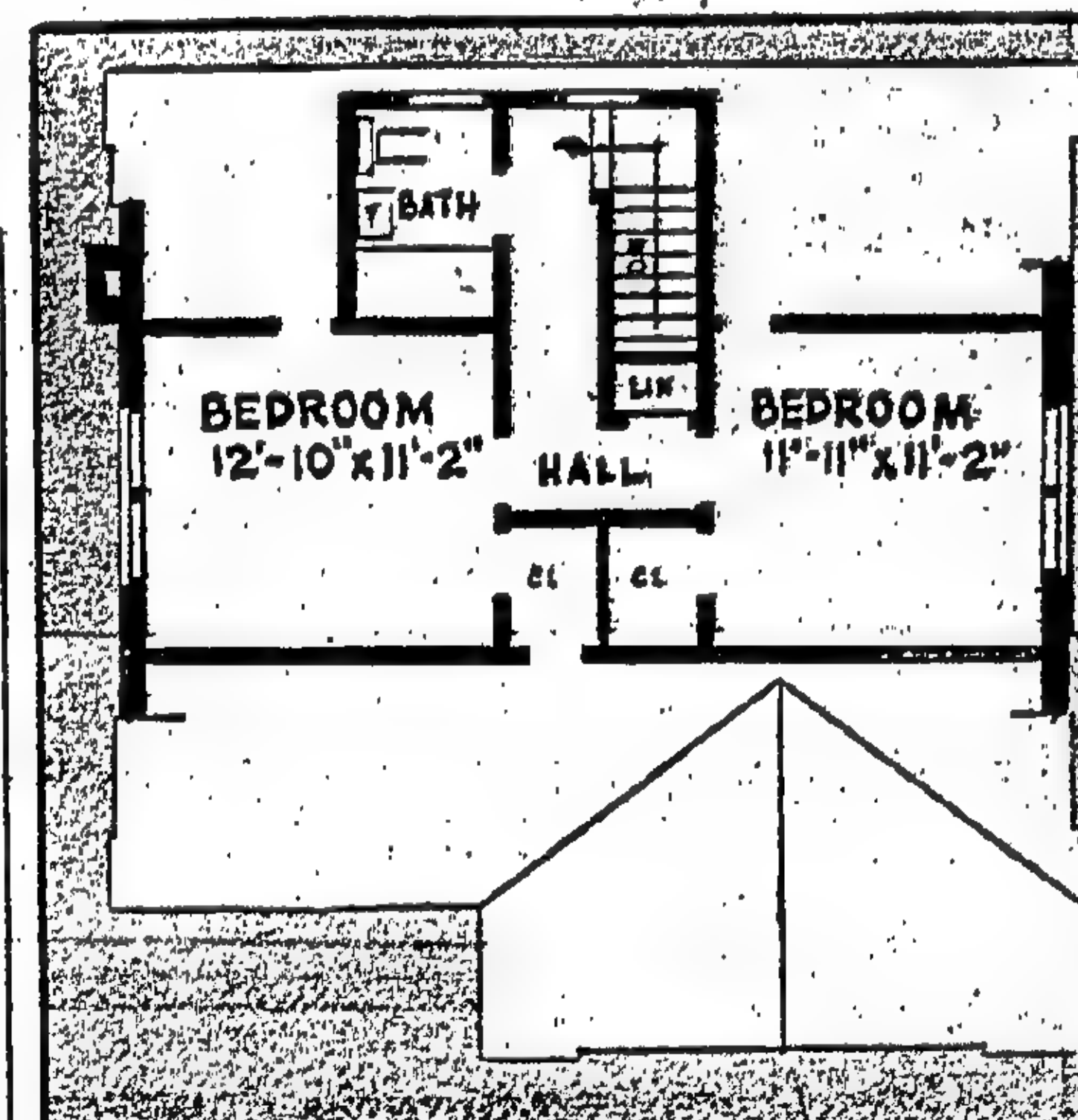
Efficient planning of cupboards is another important step, since it makes more room available for other purposes. Property located interior shelves and vertical partitions help make best use of cupboard space.

In a recent survey of home-makers throughout America, women said they wanted larger ranges to provide more cooking and baking facilities, so now the 41-in. range has emerged.

—Eleanor Ross



FROM THE COMBINATION living-dining room, a doorway, right, goes into the kitchen; another, at left, leads to the sleeping quarters.



AN EXPANSION ATTIC is ready for the future. The area lends itself to a bath and two comfortable bedrooms, each with a large closet.

## PEDICURE TIPS

By HELEN FOLLETT

PHYSICAL well-being and mental attitudes are affected by the condition of your feet. You will be well repaid, with comfort and easy walking, if you give your feet the proper care.

When a woman is troubled about the condition of her complexion or hair, she rushes to the beauty shop to find help. When the bathroom scale reports she is getting into the plump bracket, she hurries to the family doctor who puts her on a diet.

But when her feet are killing her, when she stumbles and shuffles, she tells herself it is the hard of life raised against her. Instead, she should go to a godfather for proper treatment. When she has relief, life will be roser.

After cutting, use an emery board so the edges will be most important. They should be longer than the foot and your stockings when you put them on.



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• Seventh in the China Mail series that has everyone guessing.

# The oldest trick in the world

I WAS sitting at the wheel of my open car in one of the squares in the old quarter of Nice, waiting for Sibyl, who was buying food in the nearby market place. It was a couple of years after the war, and we were on our way to Italy, pitching a tent by the side of the road each night and cooking the food we bought on a Primus stove.

It was the sort of holiday we enjoyed—no hotels to book, no time-table—just drifting along in the sunshine and stopping when and where we wished.

This day we had driven more than two hundred miles over the Alps to reach the Mediterranean, and as I waited I began to doze. Suddenly I was awakened by the light touch of a finger on my bare forearm.

A boy was there, a small, dark, good-looking boy with big, brown eyes. When he saw that he has my attention he whispered "M'sieur!" and pointed to my rear wheel. I leaned out to see what was wrong, and as I did so my left hand felt the camera, which had been lying on the seat beside me, slowly move away.

I grabbed hard, caught the strap and struggled out of the car. The man who had been trying to steal the camera was already walking quickly down the crowded street. I shouted and he started to run. I ran after him until I remembered the small boy. When I got back to the car the boy had gone—and so had the leather map-case which had been lying with the camera.

## My stupidity

When Sibyl came back laden with food and wine I told her of my stupidity. "One of the oldest tricks in the world," I said, "and I had to fall for it. Lucky I turned back when I did, otherwise they'd have had the lot."

"Was he a thin dark man in a striped shirt and blue trousers?" she asked.

"That's him. He was wearing a white linen cap."

"He dashed into the wine cellar when I was there. I noticed him particularly the hills where there was

because he seemed so shaken at the sight of me. He dived into an inner room and slammed the door behind him. I thought he must

little, but bare rock and stunted pines. We pitched the tent under an olive tree on the Plateau de la Justice far above the noise and smell of Nice. It was cool and quiet there, and the air was scented by the pines.

I lay for a long time that night, watching the shadows cast by the moon on the roof of the tent, but tired though I was I could not sleep. Later I dozed fitfully but kept waking suddenly as though someone had touched me on the shoulder. Once during the night I crawled out of the tent and stood watching the lights of Cap Ferrat and the strings of lamps from the fishing boats reflected in the water of the bay. The moon was full, I remember, and the grating of the cicadas seemed unusually loud.

ERIC WILLIAMS is the man who made the classic escape from a prisoner of war camp during the last war—and wrote a classic book about it. The Wooden Horse was published in 1949, but goes through many editions, and was made into a film. Since then he has written two other suspense books.

Although he was awarded the MC (usually an Army decoration) for his exploit, he was a Flight Lieutenant in the RAF when he was captured.

Now 42, he lives in Dorset with his second wife, Sibyl. In War of the Wills he gives travel as one of his hobbies.

He has written two other suspense books.

He must have watched you leave the car," I said. "Funny you should choose the place to buy the wine."

"Let's go back and see if he's still there."

"We can't leave the car," I said, "they'd be on it like a pack of wolves." I was tired after driving all day, and felt more interested in pitching the tent and eating dinner than in recovering the map-case. "Where on earth can we camp round here? It's as built up as Birmingham."

"The woman in the wine cellar was just telling me. The only place for miles around is up on the Grande Corniche. It's on our way into Italy."

We zigzagged up the mountain road behind Nice, past all the villas, up into the hills where there was

## DID IT HAPPEN?

by  
Eric Williams



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The man... must have recognised the word *gendarme*.

## ON MONDAY

Michael Pertwee

INVITES YOU TO DECIDE  
DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?



running-board. I was taken by surprise. I had been on the verge of memory and only came back to the present in time to snatch the wallet from that tight-pocket as the lorry gathered speed.

We stood on the pavement and searched through the wallet. I had hoped there would be enough money to pay for the camera, but there was none. The wallet merely represented that small portmanteau of sentiment which a man carries with him through his daily life; a *livret de mariage* which gave his name and address, photographs of himself and presumably his wife and children, a form of receipt for 20,000 francs for a Leica camera and in a compartment by itself, a metal prisoner-of-war identity disc.

"We've got him now," Sibyl said. "All we have to do is take the receipt to the police. They can easily check the camera."

But I was already across the brink of memory, back in 1943. The scene was a circle of surprised, suspicious French faces in a P.O.W. labour camp in the German port of Stettin; myself, an escaped P.O.W. on the run, standing there and looking anxiously from one face to another. I had gone there to ask them to help me to show away in one of the central ships in the dock where they worked, and I was frightened that they would give me away to the Germans.

I remembered their suspicion, ready help, the warm fellow-prisoner sympathy. One of those faces was staring at me now from the dog-eared snapshots. I was sure of it.

Later I made a parcel of the wallet and sent it back to him. I may have been wrong about his face. He may never have been near that particular P.O.W. camp. But, on the other hand, I may have been right. I was not prepared to take the risk.

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## Sentiment

Yesterday's story about Rodney the boy was FICTION.

REMEMBER, you now have to decide: Did Eric Williams imagine his story or did it really happen to him? Make a note whether you think story No. 7 is FACT or FICTION and check the answer on Monday.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?  
No. 7: The Oldest Trick in the World.

YES NO

When the driver suddenly let in the clutch and the lorry moved off with the thief on the

## Missing!

Towards morning "I fell into a deep sleep, and when I awoke it was daylight. I put out my hand for the folded clothes on the floor of the tent but could not find them. I looked down, but the space between the beds was bare.

I woke Sibyl. "What have you done with the clothes?"

"I haven't touched them."

I looked out of the tent. The car was still there, with our clothes piled neatly on top of the tonneau cover.

The wallet had gone from my pocket, and the camera and my favourite pipe had been taken from the car.

"It must have been that man," Sibyl said. "The old woman must have told him where we were camping."

We went to the police, of course, but all they seemed interested in were my father's profession and my place of birth. From the detailed information they required one would have thought that I had done the stealing. Although

## His tablets

A week later we were driving back through Mentone on our way home, when Sibyl grabbed my arm. "Stop, quickly. There's that man!"

I jammed on the brakes and we leaped out of the car. He was leaning against a wall in the shadow of a tall house and I could tell by his relaxed, sagging attitude that he was drunk. As we walked up to him he pushed himself away from the wall and staggered into a cafe a few yards away.

We followed him in and sat down at the opposite side of the marble-topped table. He was sprawled across it, with his head on his hands dead to the world.

I tapped him on the shoulder. "What have you done with my camera?" I said in English. I felt somehow outside the wall the man had drawn round himself, the impenetrable defence of the bowed head and rounded shoulders.

He did not move.

I tapped again, harder, and spoke again, more loudly. The girl came from behind the zinc counter, and although I could not understand her French I knew that she was abusing me for being so rough with a man who was obviously sick. I shook him by the shoulder, and this time he raised his head. He did not look at me but muttered, "De l'eau," and fumbled in his pocket until he found a small cardboard box of white tablets. The girl brought a glass of water and he swallowed a tablet and let his head fall again to the table.



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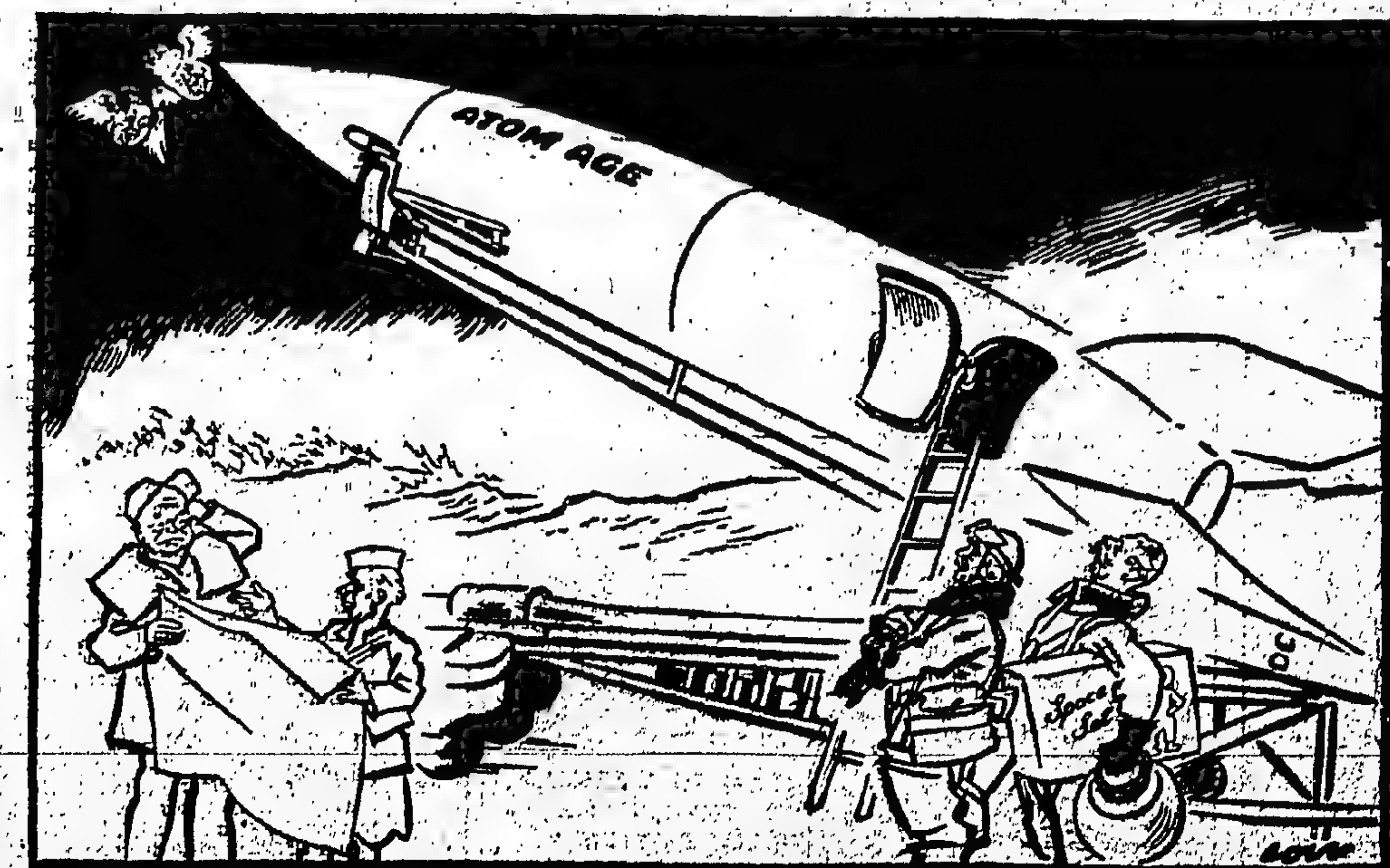


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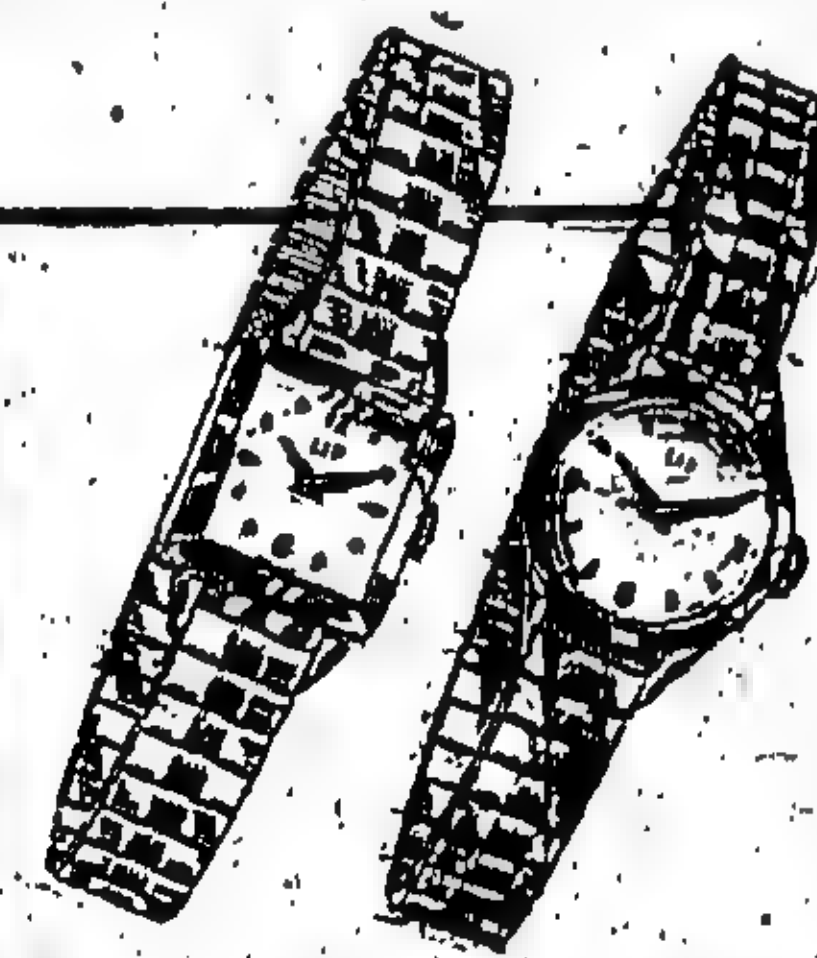
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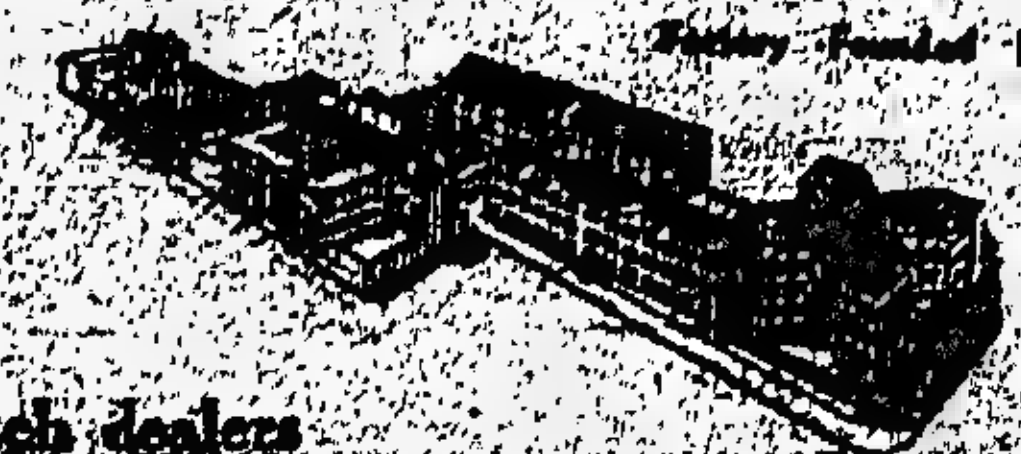
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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Why don't you settle down quietly with the paper, darling, and just forget all about the frost?"

## THE ECCENTRIC PROPHET PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

TWO gnarled characters out of the American Middle West are brought together by this book:

(1) Abraham Lincoln, the prairie-lawyer from Springfield, Illinois (fees: 1,200 dollars a year), child of Old England via New, picking up, as he rode from one courthouse in the backblocks to another, the anecdotes and incidents he was to treasure in a capacious memory and use with telling effect in speech and conversation.

(2) Carl Sandburg, born in a prairie town 77 years ago, child of Sweden at one remove, wanderer through life by the com-

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON  
reviews the NEW BOOKS

pulsion of temperament. Soldier, hobo riding in the freight cars, police reporter in New York, dish-washer in a Kansas City hotel; taking with him wherever he went his guitar and his ear — and memory — for the songs of the people (later collected in "The American Songbag").

He wrote free-verse poetry, now unfashionable; went to West Point (for two weeks) in the same class as General MacArthur; fought in the Spanish-American War in the 6th Illinois Volunteers — under a brigadier-general who had served the North in the Army of the Potomac.

Through life, this Swedish-American minstrel has been "studying verbs and the mystery of how they connect nouns" and has arrived at a position where he is "more suspicious of adjectives than at any other time in all my born days."

To write about Lincoln, he picked up his pen one day "at the farm at Flat Bush, North Carolina, where he raises goats ('goats don't dirty up your parlor') and began: 'As a growing boy in an Illinois prairie town I saw marching men who had fought under Grant and Sherman.'"

Throughout his vast saga (boiled down now from six volumes to one; still the equal of two full-sized books), Sandburg remains faithful to this note of casual searching of America's memory for the truth concerning her greatest son.

## He felt better with his boots off

His Lincoln is built up out of scraps the rider said: "If a multitude of tiny incidents, you're going to get on, I'm getting off."

Even before the war — never solemn; with a grandeur that belonged to the soul not to the manner of the man; embodiment of all the sharp-tongued small town "philosophers" of the old frontier America; woman-hearted; governing by instinct rather than reason; in the end, a nation's conscience.

An eccentric in the clothes "put on when he was thinking of something else," the notes he kept in the band of his stovepipe hat, the boots he took off when that his feet could breathe, the two days he spent trying to square the circle, the two days and more that he devoted to whitening a model steamboat out of wood.

Distinguished from a multitude of other clever, unconventional men dotted up and down the small towns of the nineteenth century, because he became the President of the United States.

At least one paragraph Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg is known to every civilized man. It is grand and biblical and brief. But Sandburg reminds us that Lincoln's reputation was built up, in town and state and, at last, in the nation, by scores of vivid images and pointed anecdotes. The result is that his book becomes a real treasure house for political writers, worth a hundred handbooks on how to make a successful speech. For example:

• The fence that was so crooked that when a hog went through a hole in it the hog always came out of the same side from which it started.

• The kind judge to the convicted felon, a political ally: "When would you like to be hanged?"

• The lazy preacher who wrote long sermons, the explanation being that "he got to writing and was too lazy to stop."

• Told once that somebody could not understand his speeches, Lincoln said: "There are always some 'foss' a dog can't reach."

• When a horse, kicking out, caught its hoof in the

One night from General McLellan's front the report came that there had been no flying since sunset. Lincoln asked if there had been any before sunset and was told "No." It reminded him about the frost of nature "black from the hips down. What colour was he from the hips up? Black, of course!"

Emerging in the end from this biography is a figure of homespun greatness, almost as if Robert Burns and Oliver Cromwell had been united in one strange, stern, gentle and brooding prophet — who did not finish from the dust and even from the mud of the political arena, outscored the career-pushing generals, the clever men, the harsh and short-sighted men of his day to become the biggest American.

Studying verbs and the mystery of how they connect nouns, studying a man and the mystery of how his temperament knitted man into a nation, Carl Sandburg, the troubadour with the guitar, has sung into noble literature, the popular hero of an American epic.

## Rest of the Books

★ Sweet Witch. By Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. 256 pages. Unblinking romance. Scene: Wales. Time: Napoleon. War breaks out simultaneously against the French Fleet and King George's Revenue men. Among other misadventures, the spirited heroine gets a proposal of marriage from Beau Brummell. A dashing piece of nonsense.

★ White Hunter, Black Heart. By Peter Viertel. W. H. Allen. 15s. 320 pages. John Wilson, film director of moody talent and outsize ego, goes to darkest Africa to make a picture, regardless of his partner's feelings. Hunts elephants instead. If John Huston did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him so that he could be model for the "hero" of this sour-sardonic study in love-bate.

ONE UP FOR BOSWELL The finest prospect that any Scotsman could ever hope to see, said testy Dr Samuel Johnson — who, anyway, didn't much like the breed — was the high road leading into England.

He little knew what he was starting. Thousands of Scots, who before that had regarded England as fit for only plunder and pillage took the good doctor at his word. They crossed the border in droves to give the Sassenachs the benefit of their industry, resourcefulness and their ability to make money in large ways.

In the brace of centuries since Johnson's portification, colonies of Scotsmen have sprung up in London, showing just how right he was.

On May 21, if the great man were still present to be prised out of his seat in Fleet Street, the Glasgow Chess and Set on a tube train bound for the White City, he would probably for the first time be struck speechless.

For the London Scots, who annually hold their traditional he-man games there, are all set this year to establish a new record.

Several hundred killed mares and as many tartan-sashed lassies will dance the first-ever mass eightsome reel. And even if the doctor could find something to say, it's doubtful if it would ever be heard above the noise of the 300 pipers who will provide the music.

And just to show that they've made their marks elsewhere than London, the Scots have invited along the pipe bands of the Arab Legion and the Pakistan Army.

POOR, POOR United States GENEVIEVE vintage automobile enthusiasts — last year they competed with British counterparts in a round-Britain rally — may benefit if a Socialist peer's suggestion ever becomes law.

For Socialist Lord Lucas has told the House of Lords: "At some time in a car's life it should be broken up and its licence destroyed so that it can never come on the road again."

Maybe Lord Lucas did not appreciate it, but the cherishing, maintenance and running of vintage (pre-1930) and veteran (pre-1904) autos has become not only a cult but something like big business in Britain.

There is even to the dismay of auto-antiquaries a Transatlantic drive in elderly Bentleys, Legendaries, Darracs, and Deimlers. Enthusiasts say these

are far too scarce to be traded, even for dollars. C.E. Child-Freeman, business manager of one of London's biggest exporters of vintage cars to the United States, told the North American Newspaper Alliance that Lord Lucas's "scrap 'em" idea was "just plain ludicrous." And he believed there would be such an outcry from auto-enthusiasts that it would never win sufficient popular support.

Other dealers, though, feel that if the peer's plan ever did become law, they could clean up handsomely on dollar purchases of prized, vintage and veteran models that otherwise would just never get on to the market.

garrulous chatterers whose constant wagging of their traditionally "riff upper lip" is costing the country a packet. And they're getting worse.

TOUGH ON TOP It's a tough business these days. Even when you get to the boss level, there's no guarantee that you can keep up with the party line.

Take British Communist boss Harry Pollitt, for instance. Mr Pollitt is currently in Peking and writing a daily diary for London's Daily Worker.

In his first instalment, he wrote about "the glorious construction project" and the "splendid confidence in the future which will move mountains."

But, to save the "workers' money he had to send his prose by airmail. While it was on its way, the Chinese press had decided that things weren't what Mr Pollitt said they were at all.

The People's Daily complained bitterly about "inadequate transport, lagging industry, backward agriculture, and the 'unfortunate lack of planning experience' in the Chinese Communist party."

For some reason," they say, "women just don't like the letter 'Q'."

So they have tried numbers. Which hasn't proved helpful either. Women are notoriously superstitious about numbers.

And the same goes for colours. Subconsciously women pick the colour which has their favourite colour.

Clearly, the investigators admit, it is a job for psychiatrists.

NATION OF CHATTERERS The long-held belief that the British are a race of silent voices shy of conversation and smiling in monosyllables, has been effectively scotched by the nation's new Postmaster-General, Dr Charles Hill.

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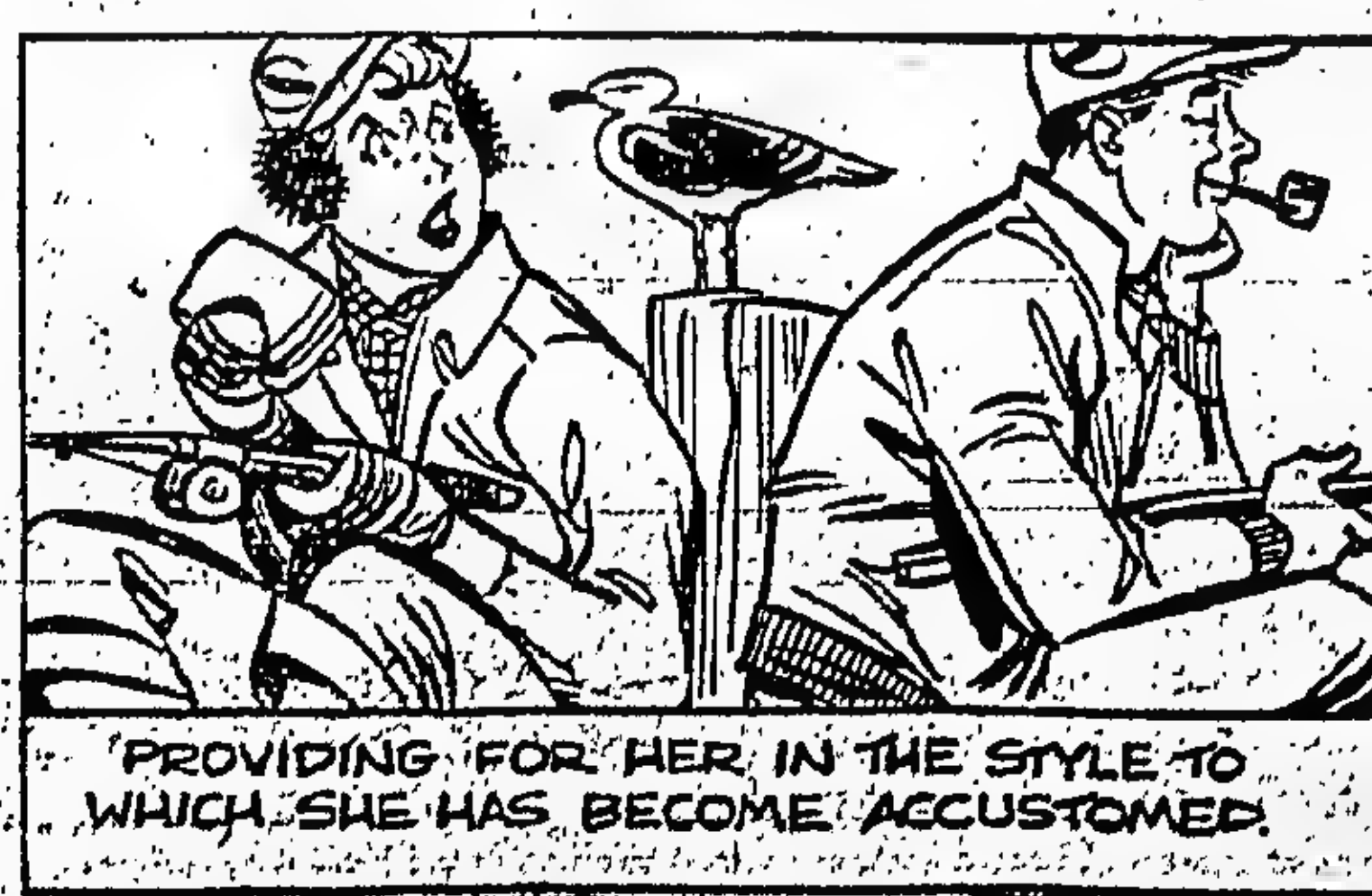
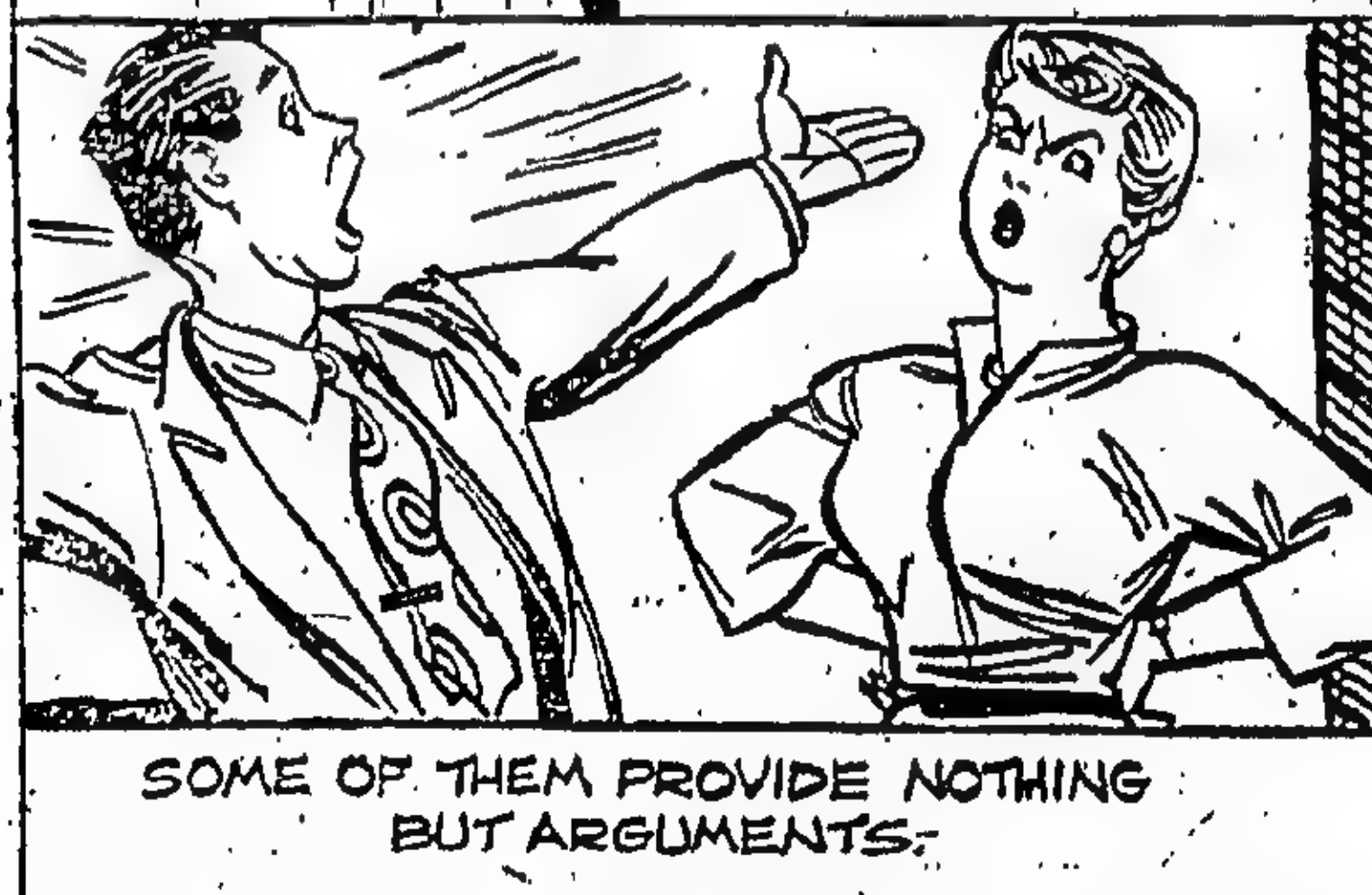
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## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Good Providers

BY HARRY WEINERT



BAN ON The 30,000 Egyptians who helped to make MOSES Cecil B. de Mille's \$2,684,688 colour film, of the life of Moses, "The Ten Commandments," may not see the movie. For Egypt looks like banning it.

Reason: religious leaders of Al-Azhar University have condemned the film for portraying scenes and people venerated by the Bible and considered holy by all Muslims. And the Moslem creed, in its strictest form, forbids any kind of photograph as a form of idolatry.

A sub-committee of the powerful women's religious leaders of the university issued the ban, and it is upheld the film is out.

SMART A psychologist has just examined a genius 6-year-old dog and has reached the conclusion that the dog — a mongrel belonging to a family on Monro Island — is the smartest dog in America. He can count, add, subtract, multiply and even do square roots.

University professors called in scoff at the genius to the extent that they believe they have merely stumbled across an unparalleled case of telepathy between master and dog. "The dog says they're quite right."

HIGH LITERATURE Broadway's new name for "night life," also called "litterature," if they have strip teases, they are of course strip-teases.

And just now there is a Broadway boom in chorus girls. They are being snapped up not by the Broadway theatres but by TV and the gambling casinos of Las Vegas, the sagebrush Monte Carlo of Nevada. Las Vegas now employs 200 choruses.

RADIO FOR A new "hard-man's" choice of radio broadcasts was announced this week. To the lonely herdsman in remote areas of Inner Mongolia's 47 radio stations would beam programmes to keep them company in the long lonely days and nights.

And there would be a choice for both lowbrow and highbrow herdsman: domestic and international news, the latest in Chinese pop music, operas, weather forecasts and instruction on scientific methods of raising livestock.

BRIDE A 113-year-old Turkish family wanted Other Erikan advertising in newspapers for a wife who "must not be more than 25." In his advertisement the old man offers to transfer all his property to the prospective bride.



# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## A Tribute To Sir Alexander Fleming

One of the most important discoveries in the world of medical science was that of penicillin by Sir Alexander Fleming in 1928. It was in fact quite by accident that this invaluable healing agent became known to Alexander Fleming — when a batch of experimental cultures of bacteria became contaminated with mould through neglect.

His assistant wished to throw away the neglected experiment, but, fortunately for us all now, Fleming was observant enough to notice that this mould differed from others in that it had destroyed the surrounding areas of bacteria.

Although Fleming published a paper on his remarkable find in a medical journal, it attracted no particular attention, and it was not until the outbreak of the Second World War that the stimulus came for further research into his discovery.

Experiments were carried out, and by 1941 penicillin was ready for the vital test on a human patient. Listeners can hear the absorbing story of the discovery and development of penicillin in a feature called "Dance in a Million" at half past nine on Tuesday evening. The programme is produced by Aileen Dekker, and the story was written by Charles Parr.

### SPORT

The Scottish Cup Final will be played at Hampden Park, Glasgow, this afternoon, and a commentary on the second half of the match can be heard over Radio Hongkong at 11.45 this evening, relayed from the General Overseas Service of the BBC.

### BOXING

Wednesday is an important day in the sporting calendar of the Colony, for the first Colony Boxing Championships are to be held since the war will take place that evening at the Southern Playgrounds, Wan Chai, commencing at 8.30 p.m. The programme is a commentary on three of the bouts, from 9.30 p.m. onwards, for the event will be held at the Southern Playgrounds, Wan Chai.

### "THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE"

A Glorious Day in the History of the world — that is how the 25th of April, 1945, is described by "The Man Who Wasn't There" at 10.30 p.m. on Wednesday. On that day, ten years ago, the United Nations Conference opened at San Francisco. On May 8, 1945, the Japanese Conference was held in Washington. The war in Europe came to an end on August 15, 1945. By October 24, 1945, the United Nations Charter was signed and the United Nations came into being. The war in the Far East ended on August 15, 1945. By October 24, 1945, the United Nations Charter was signed and the United Nations came into being. The war in the Far East ended on August 15, 1945. By October 24, 1945, the United Nations Charter was signed and the United Nations came into being.

### MUSIC

On Wednesday at nine o'clock Isidore Isaacs and George Parks will give another beautiful concert at the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong. They have chosen to play Rachmaninoff's Suite No. 1, Opus 36 (Symphony).

An interesting composition by a Japanese student majoring in Music at Tokyo University can be heard in "Music of the Twentieth Century" at 10.30 on Wednesday evening. The "Symphonie pour Piano Et Orchestre."

It is the prize-winning piece for Orchestral Music in the Nippon Festival for the year 1954, and is composed by a 17-year-old Akira Miyoshi. The work is performed by the NHK Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mikio Oishi.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second and on 3240 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

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7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.  
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
8.30 CLOSE DOWN.  
9.00 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
9.15 NEWS.  
9.30 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.45 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
10.00 NEWS.  
10.15 MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.  
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11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

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10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
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10.30 NEWS.  
10.45 MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.  
11.00 NEWS.  
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11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

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11.00 NEWS.  
11.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

11.30 NEWS.  
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12.00 NEWS.  
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### A SELECTION OF POPULAR RECORDINGS ON 33-1/3 RPM

FRANKIE LANE  
Tomorrow Mountain, Song of the Islands.  
She reminds me of you, You be worthy of me, I love you.  
Necessary Evil, One for my baby.  
VAUGHN MONROE  
Without a Song, On promise me, The White-Collar Song.  
The Moon was yellow, Something Sentimental.  
Begin the Beguine, Anniversary Song, Because.  
BOBBY BRENN  
Circus on the March, Song of the Islands.  
The Water Mill, The Water Mill.  
The Waltz of September, Too Young.  
MUSIC OF THE FALLS COUNTRY  
No. 10 (Major), The Falls Country.  
Dreaming, Beautiful Spring, Alice Blue Gown, Pomone.  
The Blue Danube, Fascination.  
Vienna, City of my Dreams, The Waltz of the Flowers.  
Torna a Surriento, When the Day is Done.  
REGINALD FOOTE — On the Mosque Theatre Organ.  
Scherzo, The Spring, Prelude, Act, Act Lehigh.  
In a Memory Garden, Light Chorus.  
The Waltz of the Flowers, The Waltz of the Flowers.  
DOORIE KIRK — NELSON EDDY  
The Howard Chandler, Chorus with Orchestra.  
"Rose Marie" (Abridged Version of the Musical Production).

### By Milk

15 Chater Road, Hong Kong. Tel: 20527  
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. Tel: 59572  
Our Hongkong Showroom will remain open until 7 p.m. on Saturdays and our Kowloon Showroom all day on Saturdays and Sundays.



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### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB TENTH RACE MEETING Saturday, 23rd April, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

#### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member so be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

#### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

#### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

#### CASH SWEEP

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Agulhar Street, during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets, for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Agulhar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

#### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

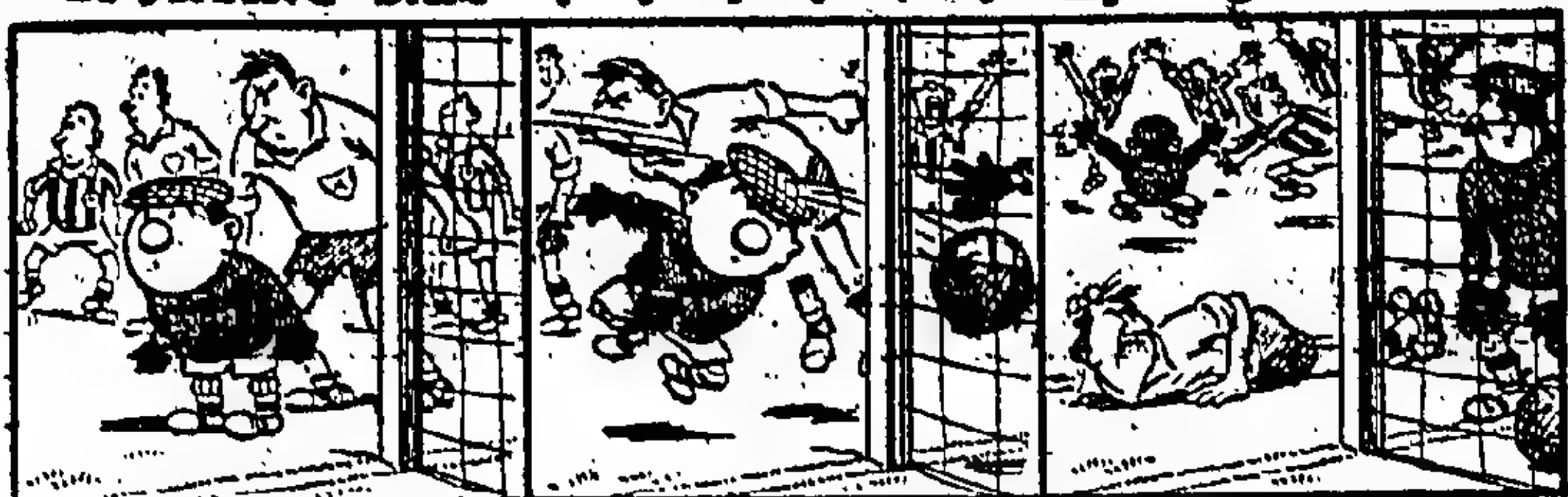
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Ties men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

### SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS HAVE BROUGHT TO LIGHT SOME PROMISING PLAYERS

Says "TOUCHWOOD"

After twelve days of continuous badminton the Colony's Senior and Junior Championships, both men's and women's, have reached the semi-final stages and in the next few days the competition will reach the "survival of the fittest" stage for those still in the running for honours.

This year's Championships brought to light several promising players in the Junior Men's and Women's events. They are George Ma, Wong Wai-hung, Yung Kuen-cheong and S. K. Wong, all of whom are in the last four of the Junior Singles.

Diana Yung and Mary Wong are the women's discoveries this season and both have shown themselves exceedingly well in the Championships. Diana Yung, the 13-year-old schoolgirl, is the better of the two and, barring upsets, is tipped to capture three titles in her first season of competitive badminton.

If Diana succeeds she will be the first schoolgirl in the Colony to do so and, as things stand, I believe she will not let her supporters and fans down. Diana Yung will meet Mary Wong in the Junior Women's final, and in the Women's Doubles the Misses Y. Y. Chan and Diana Yung meet the winners of the Miss C. Ho and Mrs. M. Soares and Miss Chui Yuen-chun and Miss Connie Yuen.

If Miss Chan's and Diana's previous performances in the early rounds are any criterion of their normal form, there is nothing to stop them from walking away with the Junior Doubles title. However, either of the two pairs still in the semi-finals—Miss Ho and Mrs. Soares and Miss Chui Yuen-chun and Miss Connie Yuen—are capable of springing an upset.

Whether Diana Yung and Miss Chan succeed in capturing the Doubles title is largely on Miss Chan.

In the quarter-final when they met Miss Mary Wong and Miss M. Soares, Miss Chan took some time before she got into her stride. Diana Yung and Miss Chan were made to fight every inch of the way before they managed to subdue their opponents and it was mainly the brilliance of Diana Yung that saved them from going to three sets.

In the Junior Mixed Doubles, in which Diana and her partner, George Ma, are still in the semi-final stage, they have to be at their best to overcome Louis Soane and Mrs. M. Soares.

**GOOD ENOUGH ON FORM**  
Soane and Mrs. Soares are an unpredictable pair. On their form they are good enough to topple any of the favourite pairs, but spectators have so far seen them playing anything but mixed doubles badminton.

There are four pairs left in the Men's Junior Doubles—B. Brown and H. J. Xavier and R.

Nunes and R. Remedios in the top section, George Ma and Wong Wai-hung and S. K. Wong and Sul Chuen in the other half.

Of the four I predict George Ma and Wong Wai-hung should win the Junior Doubles. Ma and Wong have shown consistent form throughout the tournament and they should have no difficulty in clearing their next obstacle—Wong and Sul Chuen—in the semi-final. Brown and Xavier are the likely finalists in the other section. Brown, who was knocked out of the Singles by George Ma in the second round, is more of a doubles than a singles player.

With Xavier giving Brown able support, this pair should beat Nunes and Remedios to enter the final. Should George Ma and Wong Wai-hung and Xavier and Brown clash in the Junior Doubles final, this encounter will be the "battle" of the Doubles as far as the Junior Championships are concerned.

It will be a battle of attack, which Ma and Wong excel, and defence by Xavier and Brown.

#### QUITE A SURPRISE

In the Men's Open Singles, Dr. K. S. Low astonished everyone, including the Thomas Cup selectors, when he eliminated M. Ebrahim in the opening round with a 15-5, 15-6 victory.

Ebrahim, who was one of the original Thomas Cup players selected to represent Hongkong at Bombay but was left out of the team because of lack of the residential qualification, was always the master of Dr. K. S. Low in trial matches.

His defeat, therefore, came as a surprise. I asked Ebrahim yesterday the reason for his poor showing and he attributed his defeat to being off form.

Bill Funk, a top contender for the title, impressed spectators with his brilliant victory over J. Soares Funk was the first player in the Open Singles to score a love set win, the final scores being 15-0, 15-0.

The stamina factor will play an important role for Bill Funk when he meets Dr. K. S. Low in the semi-final. But he should not let this worry him too much as Low is essentially a doubles player and as far as stamina is concerned they are about equal.

Funk's real test will be in the final, that is, if he beats Low. With Ramon Young in the opposite court, Funk will have to bring out his best to stop Young from taking the Singles title.

In the Men's Open Doubles only two pairs have entered the semi-final—K. C. Wong and W. F. Foo and Ebrahim and P. V. Yip. Wong and Foo will meet Dr. K. S. Low and Junior Pomeroy for the right to enter the final and in the other half Robert Tay and Patrick Wong clash with Ebrahim and Yip.

The finalists should come from the Wong and Foo and Robert Tay and Patrick Wong combinations. Of the two pairs, Robert Tay and Patrick Wong look good to win the title for their combination is slightly better.

All in all next week's badminton should produce some thrilling matches and the highlight should be in the Junior Singles and Doubles semi-finals.

## Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:  
(1) Footballing prowess.  
(2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the ..... Club.

(Signed) .....

### NOTICE

#### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

In order to permit of the re-construction of a portion of the Grand Stand, the Club House will be closed at 9.00 p.m. on Saturday, 23rd April until further notice.

Neither meals nor refreshments of any kind will be served from the closing of the Club House until transfers to Public Restaurant have been completed on 2nd May.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

4th April, 1955.

### SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

## Knowledge Of The Laws Is One Thing—But It's Their Application That Counts

Says I. M. MacTavish

There is no business like show business; there is no argument like a soccer argument; and similarly there is no evidence so unreliable as that offered by an interested defender of a particular cause.

In a recent report I criticised a particular aspect of the work of Referee Cabot during the China-England International and I may say that that criticism has been endorsed by other football folks since it was written.

During the week a letter from a correspondent was published in this paper and, whether intended or not, the theme of that letter was that the referee and his linesmen were right and my criticism was wrong. That is merely a matter of opinion and the correspondent is of course entitled to that, but the suggestion that our referees are omnipotent as far as the laws of the game go is not only misleading it is, in present circumstances, to be valued, well wide of the mark.

It would be interesting to know if the writer of the published letter compiled it before or after he read the reports of the Eastern-RAF game which was played at the Club Stadium on Tuesday when the same official was in charge. Maybe he read what the morning press had to say about that job of work, but, on the other hand, such unanimous criticism would hardly suit his argument.

As far as the off-side law is concerned players in Hongkong are being penalised for slick thinking and fast movement, often at the expense of the ballers anticipating the flight of the ball and that their skill is penalised by a stoppage for off-side.

One of the most conclusive indications of this error of judgement by the field officials is that regularly the ball is placed at the spot where the player is actually located WHEN HE RECEIVED IT, although often he was many yards away from that spot when the ball was last played.

There was one glaring example of this in the game between China and England. Ho Cheung-yau moved away over to his left in clever anticipation of a long pass from Yiu Cheuk-yin.

He took the greatest care to stay on the safe side of Crompton until the ball was played and as soon as it was in flight he dashed through the defence lines. It was a brilliantly conceived move and there was not the slightest doubt that Ho was years' clear of the defenders when the ball landed at his feet.

Up went the linesman's flag and a kick was awarded to England on the exact spot where the China forward received the ball, although he had been at least 12 yards away when it was last played. Even a couple of England's defenders smiled in relief and probably sympathy with Ho Cheung-yau.

Such misinterpretation of the law amounts to a miscarriage of football justice. It means that the brilliant quick-thinking player is being reduced to a common level and slow thinking defenders are being accorded a measure of protection to which they are not entitled.

Oh, and just for the information of our correspondent I would like to say that two of the colleagues who took the field last Sunday were sitting almost the 18 yards line at both ends of the field.

**LATEST THING**  
It was a great pity that some of the officials of the Referees' Association had not attended one of the Second Division games that was played the other evening. They would have seen something that must surely be common level in match control and they might also have seen the birth of a new era in refereeing.

In this particular game the first half was punctuated at regular intervals with loud shouts of "Play-on" from the man with the whistle and as there was no apparent necessity for such conduct it was difficult indeed to see what purpose it served.

The job of the referee is surely to blow his whistle to start, stop and where necessary, restart play, and apart from administering a caution or an admonition to a player he is usually expected to remain quiet.

In the game in question the players complained bitterly about the incessant shouting of the referee and it is a matter of some cynical interest that the officials of the competing teams counted the number of times they heard the shout "Play-on" during the second half and believe it or not the tally was 211. Now, I assure you that there was nothing so odd about the shout. They were often full throat and could be heard all over the ground and far beyond. The

fact that the players were discontented was indeed understandable. Law 12 Section (j) allows the referee to punish a player who shouts in such a way that he 'balks' an opponent, but it is difficult to see what immediate redress the players have, when the referee is the culprit.

Finally I give you a guarantee that there is not the slightest exaggeration in that report and what is more I have a reliable witness for the whole show. He was a prominent soccer legislator.

#### ON WHICH GROUNDS?

With all the current talk of summer football being organised by different bodies and for different reasons one inevitably comes to the question of grounds where the games will be played.

The Club Stadium has stood up very well to the soccer thrashing it has received this season. It has retained a fair surface and the ball is still playing with reasonable accuracy but it must get a rest soon if it is to be in anything like first-class condition next season.

Things at Caroline Hill, however, are very different. The playing pitch is in a shocking condition and is unworthy of the fine stadium that surrounds it. It is uneven and very bumpy and the ball is no longer playing in such a way that a player can take its bounce for granted. Just how much more punishment can the ground take and still be ready for the next season?

I appreciate that the wet summer months can work apparent miracles on the pitch but in spite of all the specialised treatment it received last season it has not lasted as it was expected to do. If it is now going to be subjected to still more football in the normal close season it may not be up to the required standard when September comes around.

#### WEEK-END GAMES

There are several interesting games in the programme of games for this week-end. Here is the full list:

**Today**  
League Division One  
Eastern v. South China at 5.30 p.m.  
Club v. St. Joseph's at Club Stadium at 5.30 p.m.  
CAA v. Navy at Causeway Bay at 5.30 p.m.

**Tomorrow**  
Sing Tao v. RAF at Club Stadium at 5.30 p.m.  
The chief interest will be in the meeting of Eastern and South China at Caroline Hill this afternoon. A South China

## SPORTS QUIZ

1. If Don Cockell beats Rocky Marciano, will he be the first, second or third English World Heavyweight Champion this century?
2. Who was the last Englishman to hold the World Mile record before Roger Bannister?
3. Fill in the blanks to complete the names of four famous sportsmen: xxXx Dxxxx, Gxxxx Dxxxx, Mxxx Hxxxxxx, Rxx Hxxxxxx.
4. What happened when Gentleman Jim met John L.?
5. Who was the last British Open Golf Champion to successfully defend his title?
6. Surnames please of these sporting brothers, Denis and Leslie, Joe and Fred, Hashim and Azam.
7. Who won the Men's Doubles at Wimbledon last year?
8. Nationalities please of the following sportsmen: Fernie Puckis, Tony DeMarco, Pascual Perez, Torben Ulrich.
9. Who was the last unseeded player to reach the Men's Singles final at Wimbledon?
10. What is the record individual Australian test score?

Answers See Page 17.

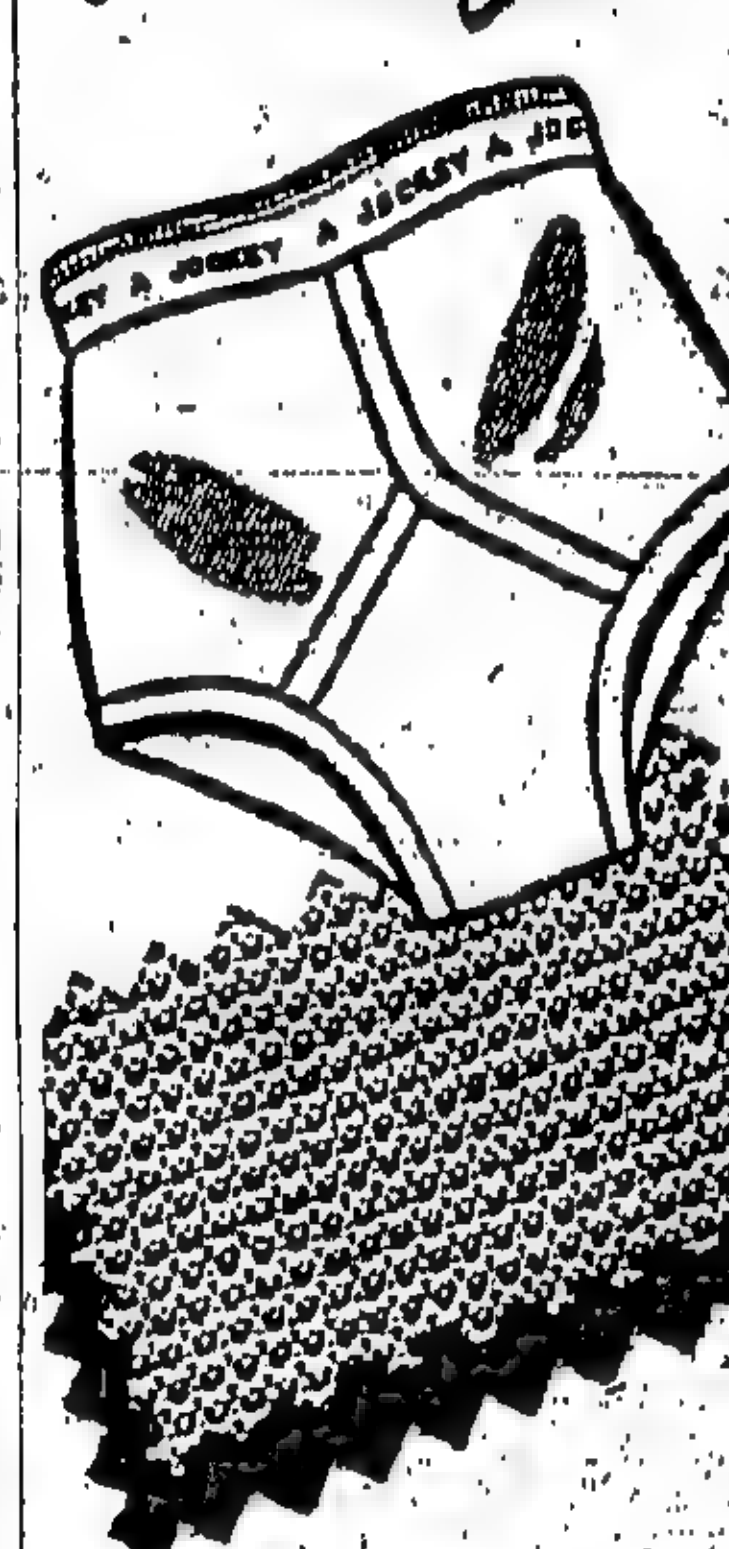
victory would merely emphasise their championship superiority but it would also give them sweet revenge for the defeat which Eastern administered earlier in the season.

There is no indication that Eastern can repeat their win in fact if they did so it would now be counted among the major upsets of the season. On form South China look set for a decisive victory but a lot will depend on the sort of tactics adopted by Eastern, nevertheless South China get my vote.

It is always difficult to forecast a game in which St. Joseph's are involved due to the changing faces in their line-up but provided they have the assistance of their Macao players they should not lose against Club while game at Causeway Bay CAA should get two more points at the expense of Navy.

In what might be the best game of the weekend Sing Tao should just edge out RAF at Club Stadium tomorrow.

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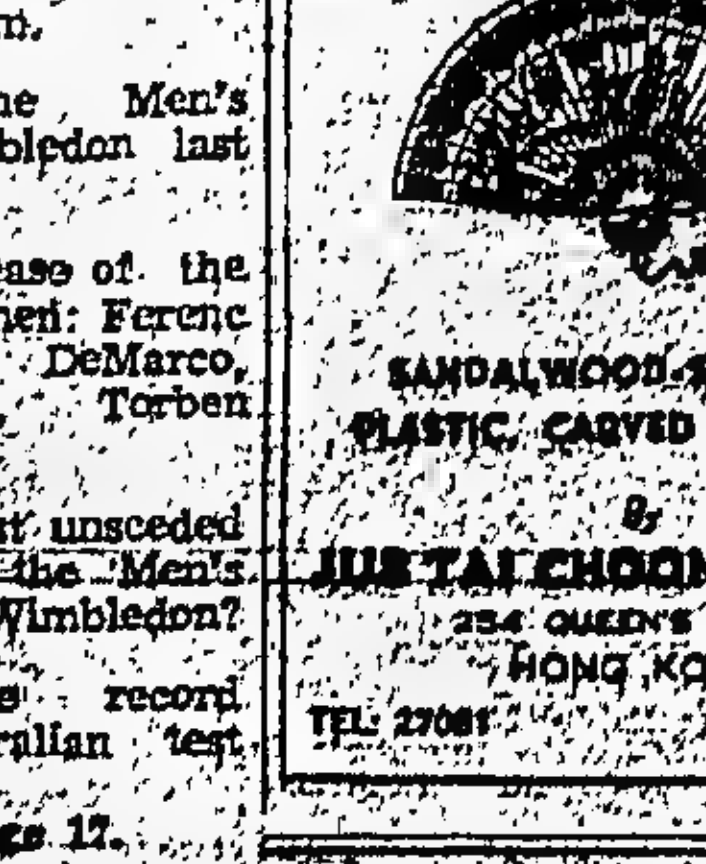
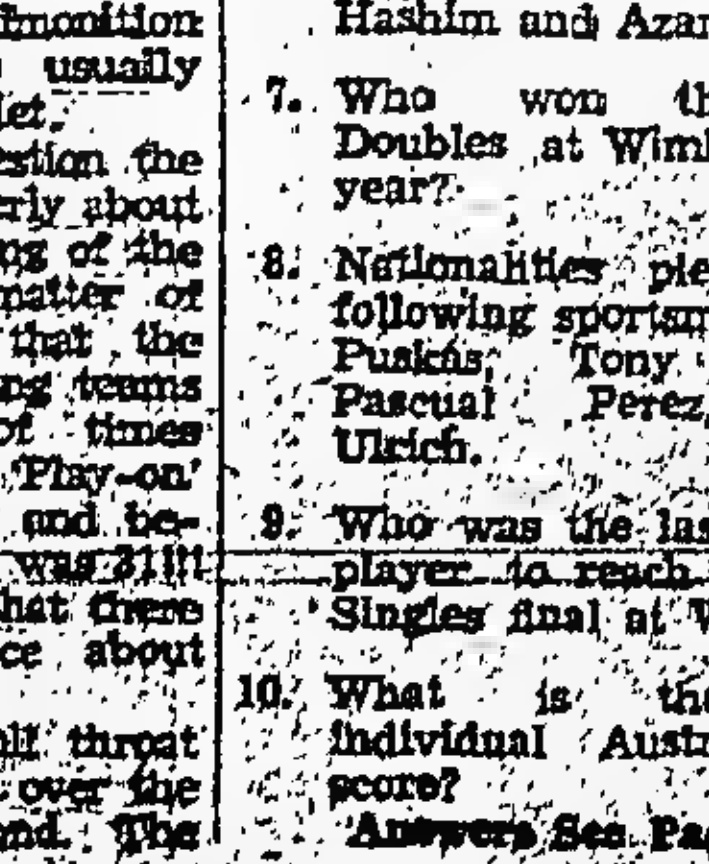
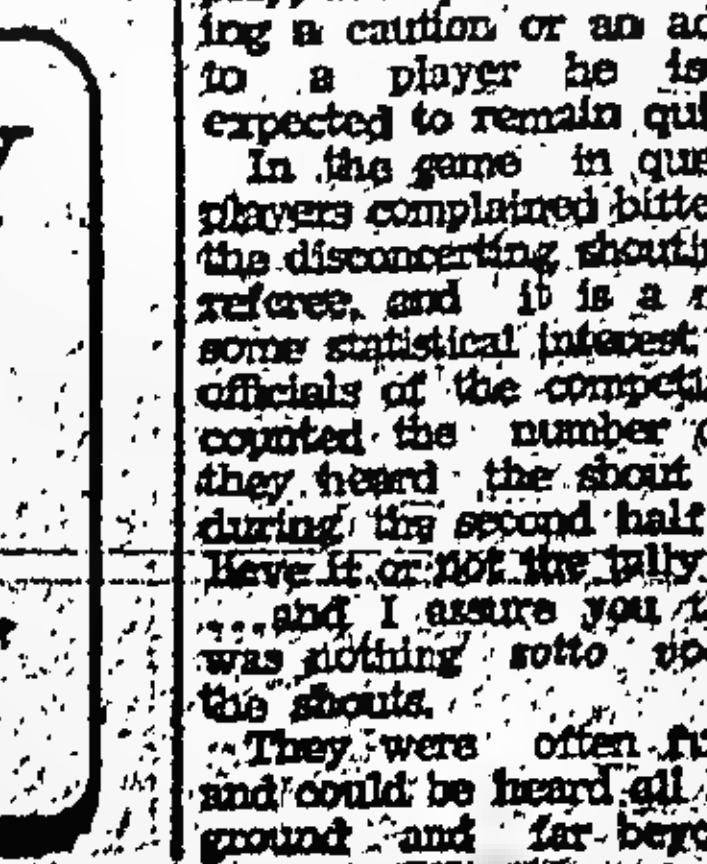
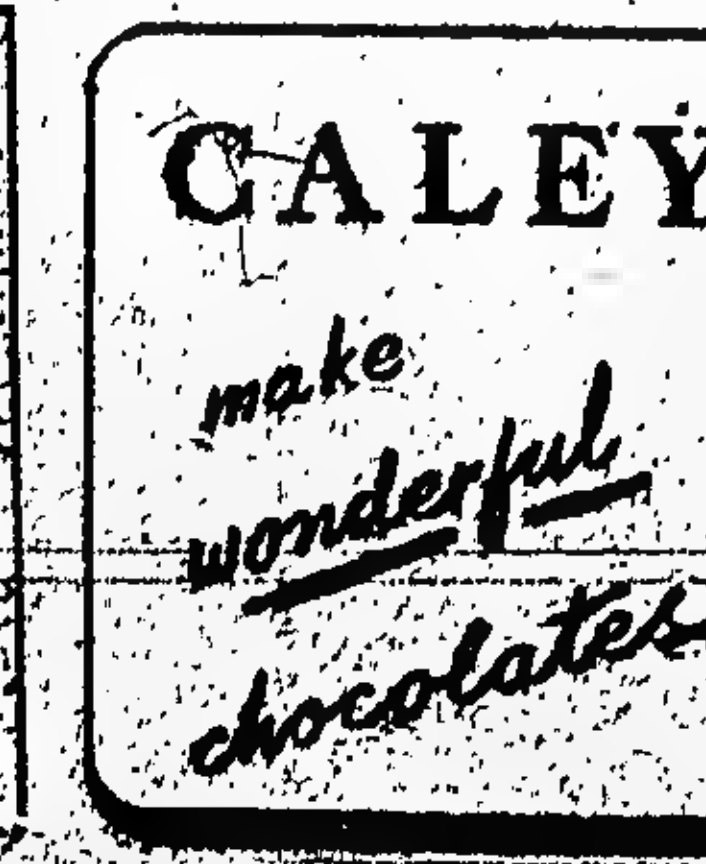
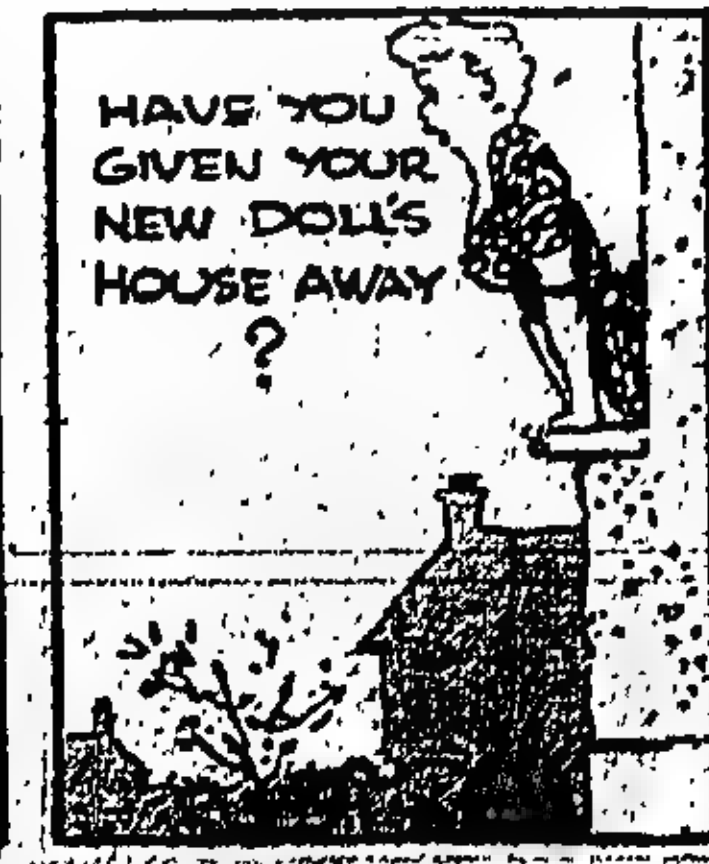
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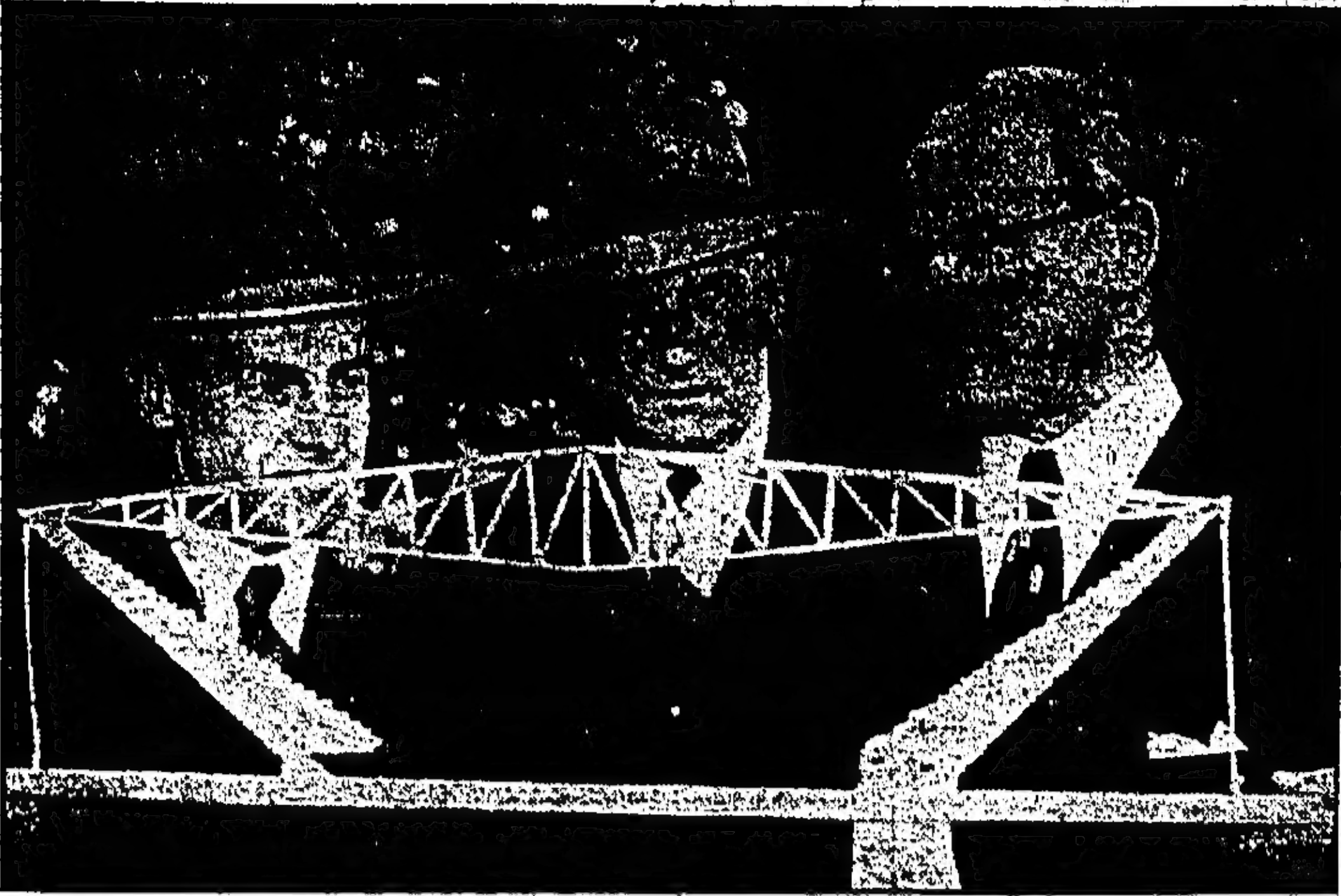
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### POP





## ROW OVER OLYMPIC GAMES SITE PLANS



A declaration made in Melbourne by Mr Avery Brundage, Chairman of the International Olympic Committee, stated that he was not satisfied with the preparations for the Games, and that it was not too late to take the Games away from Melbourne (where they are to be held next year).

Mr Brundage said he knew of three cities which would be glad to take over. This declaration has led to a demand for the resignation of the Australian Minister of Interior and Works who is Chairman of the Organising Committee.

This picture received from Melbourne shows Mr Brundage examining a model of the construction form of the Olympic Swimming Pool during his six-day inspection of the Olympic sites in Melbourne. Centre is General Bridgeford, the Games Chief Executive, and on left is Mr Len Frazer, City Engineer. — Central Press Photo.

## A Strain Of Personal Appearances For FA Cup Finalists

Says Tom Finney

How much money do you think players make who appear in the Cup Final? I ask the question because this week a chap said to me "I bet the Cup Final teams make a small fortune."

That remark made my blood boil. There are only a fortnight more to the Cup Final, but for the players taking part the excitement they feel is tempered by what can only be described as a nightmare existence.

Now don't get me wrong. There isn't a player breathing who doesn't dream of playing in a Wembley Final. I wouldn't mind going through the experience as many times as possible. But please don't think it is a cushy assignment.

Only this week I heard from Don Revie that he had nearly worn his legs out making personal appearances since Manchester City won through to Wembley.

I know just how Don feels. Last year when Preston went to Wembley we decided to organise a Cup Final pool in which all first team players, two reserves and trainer would share. Any money received from advertising or writing newspaper articles was pooled. From enquiries I have made with other clubs, a player appearing in the Final might—if he is lucky—eventually get from the common pool £100. And that includes all his Cup bonus money!

This may seem a lot to some people, but you wouldn't call it a fortune, when you consider the vast amount of money the Cup competition brings in. And don't run away with the idea that this money is a gift. I know for a fact that we in Preston had to work for every penny we got.

### BEHIND THE SCENES

The football fan has no idea what goes on behind the scenes for a Cup Final team. Time has to be set aside for photographs; the organising of dances and social efforts. The Sup-

ports' club usually call on the players to make personal appearances and if any firm signs up a Cup final team for advertising purposes, then the team usually has to make more personal appearances at stores in the town. Night after night, day after day this goes on, and as if this isn't enough, there is our old friend, the ticket hunter.

The first week after we had beaten Sheffield Wednesday in the Cup semi-final last year I had 300 applications for tickets at my home. My wife, Elsie, had to suspend spring cleaning operations to lend a hand with the letters. Some had enclosed money and these had to be sorted separately and returned. To most of the others I sent a typed letter regretting I couldn't help them with a ticket.

One chap in Preston even offered a motor car worth about £50 for two Cup Final tickets. There is just no end to it. Some people even seat their wives and children round to our house asking for tickets.

This is the sort of thing a player has to put up with. So you see he earns every penny he gets. It isn't easy to say "No" to so many hundreds of times.

But as Don Revie said to me: "It's a lot of worry, Tom, but I'll bet you wouldn't mind putting up with it again."

You can bet your life I wouldn't. But from now until Cup Final day the players of Newcastle United and Manchester City have my sympathy too. They'll be run off their feet—off the field as well as on it. The League programme is winding up to a really thrilling finish. Chelsea must be favourites now for the Championship. But who goes down with Sheffield Wednesday into the Second Division? And which of the Second Division teams is going to win promotion? I can never remember a season when the issues were so

wide open. What a pity the newspaper strike has come at this crucial stage of the season. The provincial newspapers have done a wonderful job in keeping us all informed about what is happening in the world. I shudder to think what it would be like if the close-down on all sports news had been complete.

### GOSSIP COLUMN

The Sports writers have their critics. We might not always agree with their opinions. But in these past few weeks I think every Soccer fan and player has come to realise what an important part the Press plays in keeping the public informed, not only with the results and League tables, but in the gossip columns as well.

One famous player actually rang me last week-end to see if I could tell him the League positions. He had not been lucky enough to get a sports final, and was completely in the dark about the League positions after the Saturday game.

At the kick-off you know just how the other team will be positioned. This is a good time to plan a move with some hope of success, particularly as the opposition can be taken by surprise. Try this little manoeuvre. The centre-forward, as soon as he has played the ball, runs at top speed into an inside-right position, some 25 yards upfield.

The centre half seeing his man dart through like this, will almost certainly follow him and a gap is momentarily left in midfield. The inside-left should run into this open space to receive the ball, while both full backs are still standing wide.

In other words, the centre forward, after playing the ball, acts as a decoy to open up the defence. The inside-left must move swiftly into the open space created. I've seen this trick produce a goal or two, but don't overdo it.

## GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED TITLE FIGHT ON MAY 27 AT DUBLIN

By HENRY W. THORNBERRY

Dublin, Apr. 22.

Seats go on sale within a fortnight for the European Featherweight title-fight between France's Ray Famechon and Irishman Billy Kelly here on May 27, with the organisers hoping a campaign against the bout now underway among Amateur boxing fans doesn't explode into a major controversy.

The fight is being organised jointly by the Government-sponsored Bord Failte (the national tourist board) and British promoter Jack Solomons. So far followers of the "simon-pure" side of the sport have already put up three arguments why the fight should NOT take place.

Firstly, it is claimed that professional boxing is, on the whole, a sport completely alien to a country like Ireland where the accent has always been on amateurism. Secondly, it is argued that pro-boxing has never been successful here financially and the tax payer will be left holding the empty money bags. Thirdly, the anti-pro adherents are angered by Solomons part in the proceedings.

Outwardly unmoved, but keeping a weather eye on the gathering storm, Bord Failte's Aidan O'Hanlon announced calmly about 6,000 seats priced from one guinea (2.94 dollars) to five guineas would go on sale "within a fortnight."

And the consensus was that every seat could be sold three times over, such is the expected demand for pastebords.

The Irish Amateur Boxing Association has made no official comment but it is known that many of its officials are angry about Bord Failte's part in the staging. They maintain a government-sponsored agency should have no part in the promotion of any sport which is purely mercenary.

Boxing circles here believe that the IABA is the power behind a number of top-level protests against the fight, especially as it might turn out to be the sort of glamour attraction which could decide a number of promising amateurs here to turn pro.

### SOLOMONS' PATRONAGE

The IABA feel that for one lad who makes good in the pro ring, there are a score who are merely exploited for the profit of English promoters and managers. The belief current in Dublin that Ireland's top amateur star, Harry Ferry, will turn pro under Solomons' patronage after the Berlin European championships this year, has caused general Jack to be cast in the role of the Big Bad Wolf and has added fuel to the fire.

The fight will be staged as the highlight event of "an annual"—Ireland's annual "at home" to the world" period from May 8-29, at the sprawling modern bus garage in the Donnybrook suburb of Dublin, about four miles from the city centre. Archibalds are presently working on alteration plans

which will have to be passed by the City Corporation and the police. Biggest problems to be met are the safety regulations. A visit by this correspondent disclosed that many more exits will be necessary along the two sides. Another problem will be the dispersal of petrol fumes presently strongly in evidence.

When Solomons turned down Dalymount Park soccer ground as a possible venue, only Donnybrook garage measured up to his suggestions. Solomons tried unsuccessfully to get pro boxing on its feet here in the 3,500 seater Theatre Royal in the past but the complaint was the same—the cheapest seats were too far from the ring.

### TRADITIONAL HABIT

Dalymount was ruled out after the locals explained the traditional habit of Dublin fight fans to consider boxing promoters "fair game" to be cheated by paying the lowest entrance fee and then by many means wind up in the ring-side seats.

Sometimes they do it by stealth and sometimes by a concerted rush about quarter way through the programme. Latecomers who paid sums for previous Dalymount fights have arrived to find tough citizens parked in their seats and showing no inclination to move.

The supporting bill has a strong nationalistic flavour.

Featherweight Johnny McNeill of Belfast meets Teddy Peckham of Bournemouth-England-light-weight Peter Sharpe of Belfast clashes with Pat McCoy of Galway, Ireland and Jim Fisher of Belfast scraps Mickey Roche of Dublin in another Featherweight bout. McNeill is a former Olympic finalist. Another two or three fights have yet to be added to the card.

Meanwhile, the 23-year-old Kelly is presently in training in his home town of Derby, in Northern Ireland under the expert eye of his famous father, "Splitter" Kelly, the former British and Empire Featherweight Champion.

He is quietly confident but realises Famechon's ability. "Ray Famechon is the finest man of his weight in Europe," he said. "And I know well that I am facing the fight of my life, the toughest test of my career."—United Press.

## HKAAC Pentathlon On Sunday

The Third Annual Hong-kong Amateur Athletic Club Pentathlon Championship will be held tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at Wah Yan College Kowloon, Waterloo Road, commencing at 2 p.m.

Circulars regarding this Pentathlon have been sent to all active members of the HKAAC with the request that intending participants inform the Hon. Secretary as to whether they will take part. As some circulars may have gone astray through change of address and some intending participants may not have gathered up enough energy to reply, it is emphasised that any member of the club wishing to participate will be quite welcome if he turns up at Wah Yan College Kowloon, on Sunday at 2 p.m.

There is no entry fee. The events are the 440 Yards, High Jump, Shot, Put (12lbs) and Javelin Throw. The decision as to whether the 440 Yards will be the first or last event of the afternoon will be left to a vote of the participants. Scoring will be according to the Miloucan table.

The winner will be awarded the J.A.C. Hurlbert Cup and there will be an award also for the runner-up. The Pentathlon is the HKAAC's main sporting and social event of the year and it is desirable that every member who possibly can will participate. The record entry was 17 in 1953 and the HKAAC Committee hope that this figure will be approached on Sunday as the Club's active membership is now the highest on record.

## Canadians Will Be Different!

Toronto. Canadians have broken four records this spring—but they won't help the country win the Olympic Games at Melbourne next year.

In Hawkesbury, Ontario, a baker and a machinist claimed a new world non-stop rocking chair title by rocking for 92 hours in an automobile-dealer's window.

In Montreal, John Stelling kept a pipeful of 3.3 grams of tobacco smoking for 39 minutes, 15 seconds.

Also in Montreal, a frogman claimed the underwater endurance record by staying submerged in a water tank for more than 24 hours while other frogmen helped pass the time by playing cards with him. And in Cranby, Quebec, Marcel Couvre played a piano for 30 hours 30 minutes without a pause. — (London Express Service).

## Sports Diary

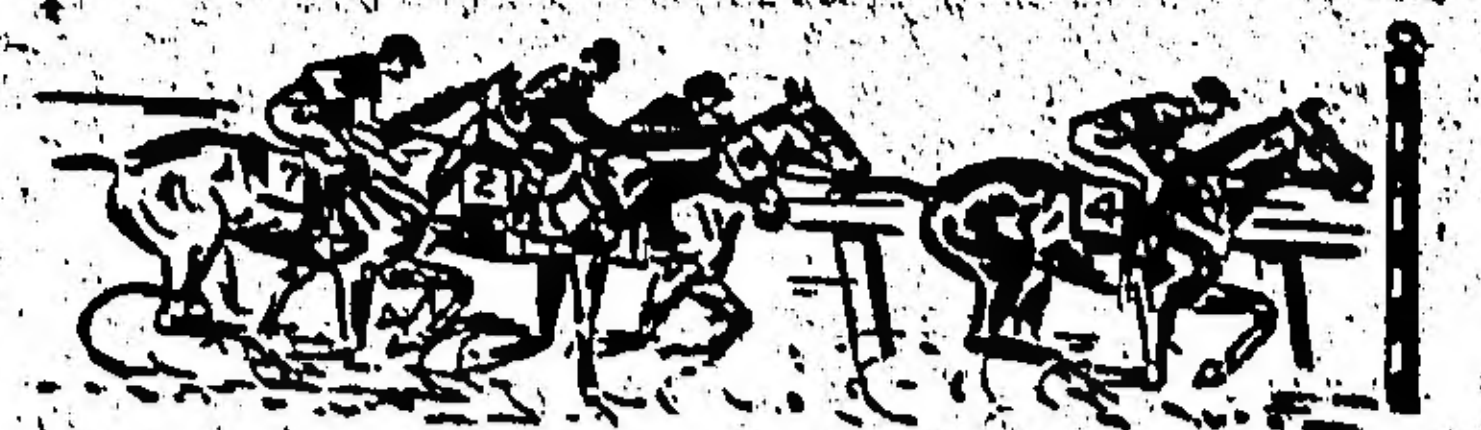
### TODAY

Soccer  
Div. 1: South China v Eastern (CH) 5.30 p.m.; Club v St. Joseph's (Club) 6.45 p.m. (Navy). All matches commencing at 5.30 p.m.  
Div. 2: "A": Eastern v South China (CH) Club v St. Joseph's (Club); "B": Police (BS). All matches at 4 p.m.  
Div. 3: Little Sai Wan v CMB (NAVY) at 4 p.m.  
Hockey  
International Finals: Men's and Ladies' Pooling.  
Racing  
Tenth Race Meeting Happy Valley 2 p.m.

### TOMORROW

Soccer  
Div. 1: Sing Tao v RAY (Club) 5.30 p.m.; KMB v University (Club); Waiwai v RIL (BYV). Both matches at 4 p.m.  
Div. 2: Sockompo "A" v Police (CH) 11 a.m.; HKAAC v Army (CH) (Kai Tak) 2 p.m.; KILC v New Eastern "B" (CH) 11 a.m.  
Hockey  
RHRHC v Services at Taitung; Ladies Gold at Peay, Waiwai Bay, Canada.  
CHV's Army XI v Commissioner of Police XI at Sockompo.

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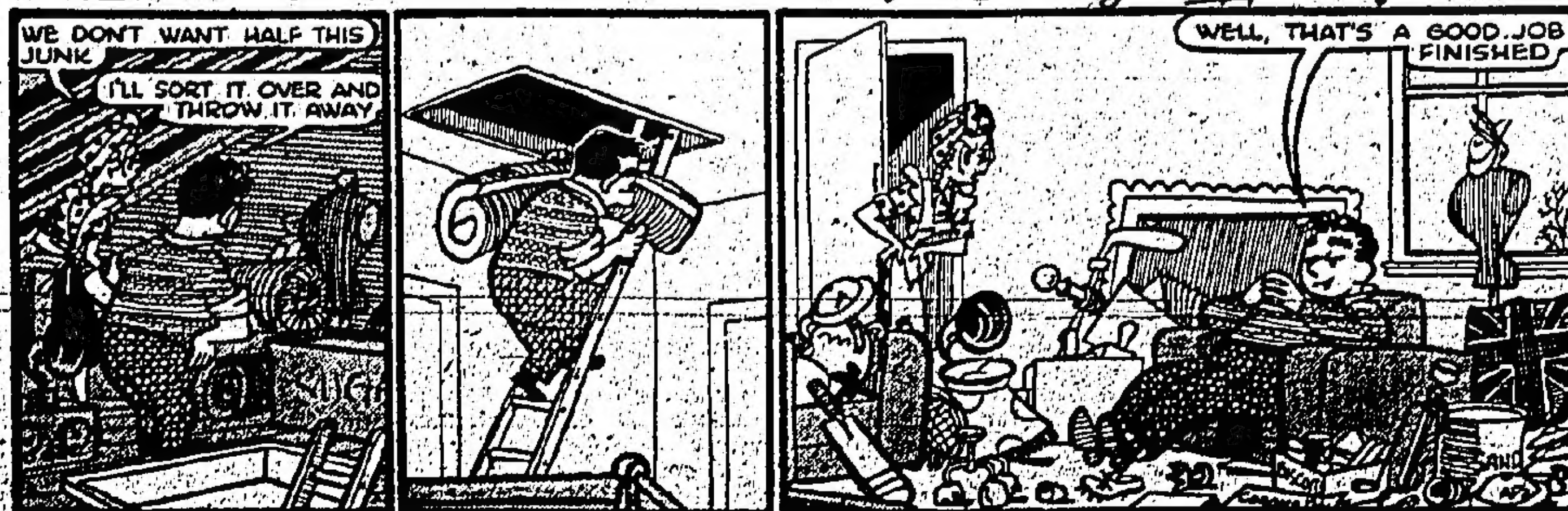
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## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



## GOLDEN CHURN



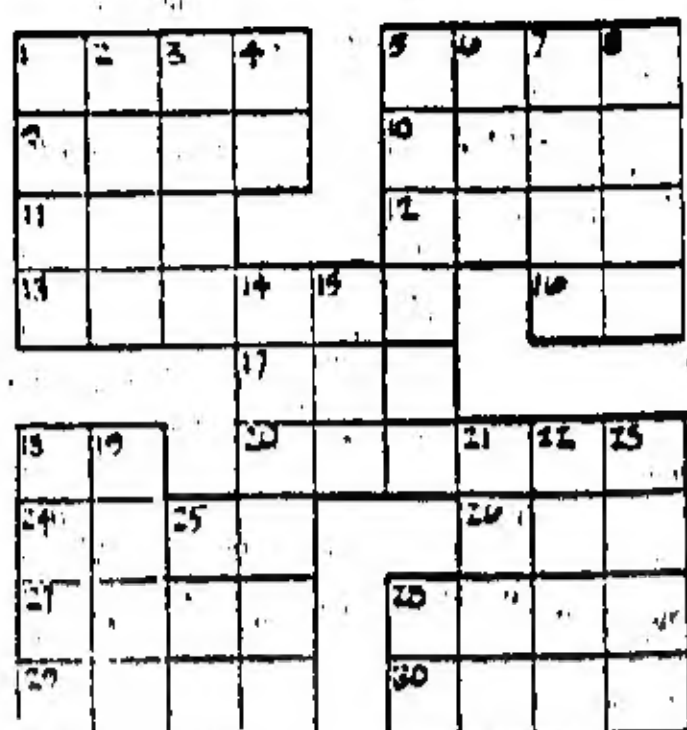
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Luxembourg has an — of 999 square miles.
- 3 Its — has three vertical bars
- 9 Units of weight
- 10 Facility
- 11 Hops' kiln
- 12 Millecrick
- 13 Greeter
- 16 Part of "to be"
- 17 It has a large — output
- 18 Measure of area
- 20 Edit
- 24 Mature
- 26 Correlative of neither
- 27 Brain passage
- 28 Italian coins
- 29 Cotton fabric
- 30 Internal decay in fruit

### DOWN

- 1 Kind of bomb
- 2 Flower
- 3 Grafted (her.)
- 4 While
- 5 Dredged
- 6 Race course circuit
- 7 On the ocean
- 8 Microbe
- 14 Bullfighter
- 15 Before
- 18 Seed appendage
- 19 Ceremony
- 21 Indigo
- 22 Apple centre
- 23 Allowance for waste
- 25 Writing implement
- 28 Pound (ab.)

### LUXEMBURG REBUS

Use the words and pictures to fullest advantage to find the four facts about Luxembourg that have been concealed in this rebus:



### DIAMOND

Luxemburg is one of the BENELUX nations, which provided a centre for today's diamond about that country. The second word is "a dress edge"; third "sharpens, as a razor"; fifth "a vine fruit"; and sixth "main source of energy." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

B  
E  
N  
E  
L  
U  
X

### LUXEMBURG MIX-UPS

Here are three more facts pertaining to Luxembourg. Just rearrange the letters in each strange row to find them: DOLLS MANNER LAWS LAMP UNITE ROUT ROY MULL SCANT

### CODED MESSAGE

The Puzzlemaster has substituted a simple code for the correct letters of his sentence about Luxembourg. Just as a clue, that's the first word. Can you decipher the code?

Kiwidatof hr gikde ax Fozme Cigorr Bezqkssd.

(Solutions on Page 20)



NOW... HOLD A PIECE OF THE CARROT IN YOUR HAND AND PRETEND TO SCOOP A GOLD FISH FROM THE BOWL.

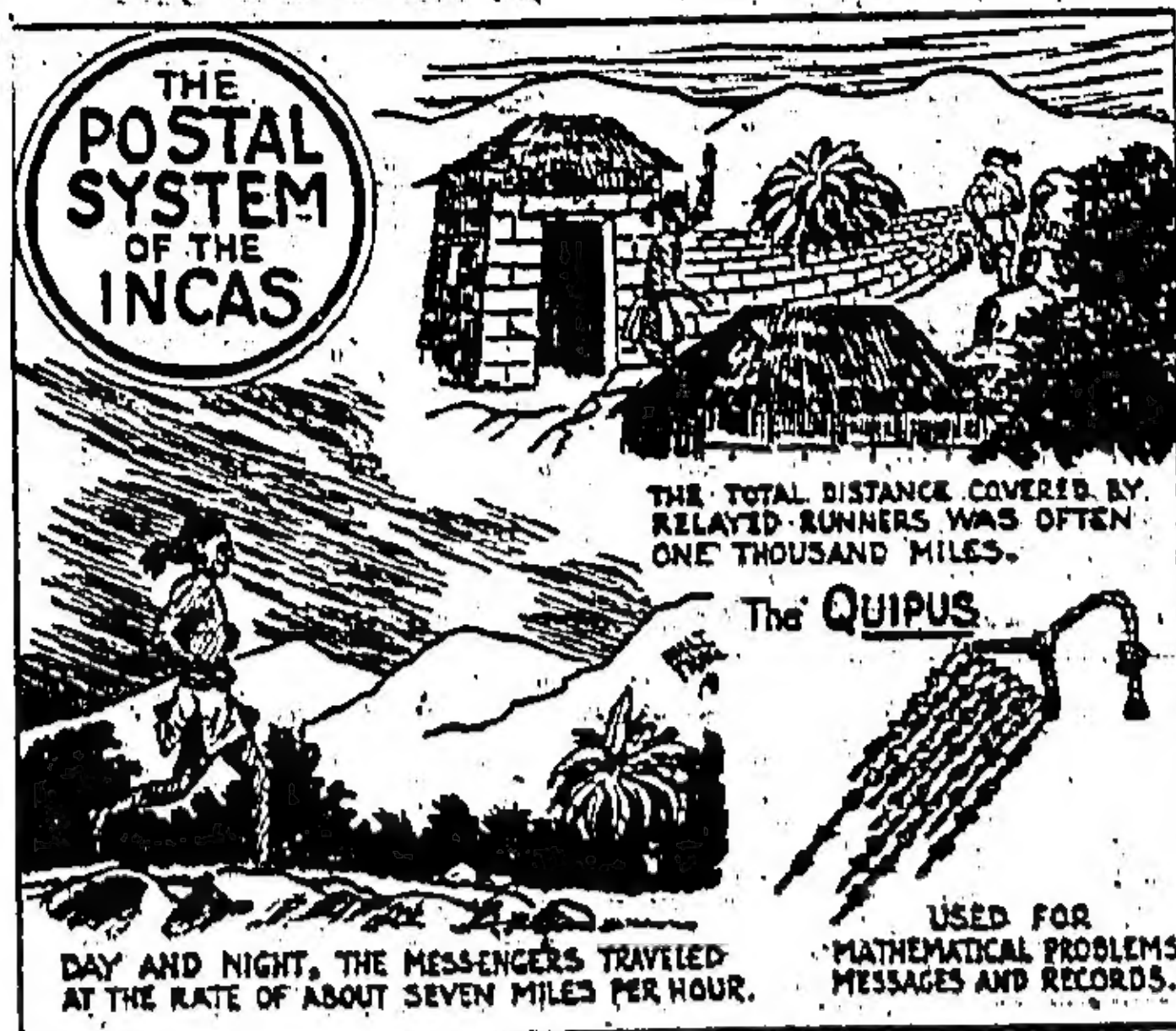


## Inca Mailmen Took Knots, Not Notes

By R. S. Craggs

BY THE MIDDLE of the 15th century the Incas of Peru had a postal system superior to any then existing in Europe. The messages were carried by runners (for vehicles were unknown) throughout the length of the empire at an average speed of about seven miles per hour.

Each runner ran, only as far as it was possible for him to do so without slackening speed. That is, from one post to the next. Then another runner took over, running beside the first, preceding one long enough road to take care of messages travelling in both directions.



The messengers travelled both day and night. This is understandable when it is learned that the distance to be covered was often 1,000 miles.

The Incas had no written language so it may be difficult for us to understand how they could send messages. This was sometimes done by word of mouth, but more complex messages were sent by knotted cords known as quipus. This method of keeping records was used by the Incas for both calculation in arithmetic and to take the place of writing. It is doubtful if the runners could read the messages that they carried for the understanding of them was very complex and the knowledge was passed on only to members of the ruling class. The study of the quipus took up a year of their four years' education.

However, even today it is possible to see a llama herder counting his charges by a simplified system of the knotted cords—a remnant of the ancient culture of the Incas.



## Solve Fable Of The 17 Circus Lions

JOHN SMOZIKER was the most famous lion tamer in the country of Baldania. Whenever the circus came to town it was always crowded.

Children loved to watch John Smoziker and his 17 lions. He would make the lions sit down at a table and actually eat. Then they would dance while he played on his old violin.

For half a century this famous lion tamer amused many children. But now he was getting very old. And he knew soon he would depart from this world. So he sent for his three good sons: Paul, Peter, and Poro.

"We have been very happy together," he told them. "My name is famous throughout the country of Baldania. I want you each to continue with the lions. In my will I will divide the lions among you. There are only three large circuses in all of Baldania. Each of you will work in one of them. Do not be sad, my children, when I am gone. Just make children happy with the lions."

A month later the great John Smoziker had departed from this world. The circus declared a day of mourning for this great man. Then the three children were called into the lawyer's office.

"Your father has given me his will and told me to carry out his wishes. He leaves his 17 lions to his three wonderful sons: Paul, Peter, and Poro. Since Paul is the eldest, he is to have one half of the lions. Peter is next in age and he is to have one third of the lions. And

Poro, who is the youngest, is to have one sixth."

The three children were very much puzzled. Paul spoke for his two brothers.

"We can't divide up 17 lions according to the manner set forth in the will without cutting up some lion meat. What are we going to do?"

For the next month everyone in Baldania worried about the three sons and their lions. Finally, Bopo Geranika, an old lion tamer, came to visit the boys.

"I was a dear friend of your father," he said, "and I will show you how to divide up the lions without cutting up some lion meat. Come with me to your cages."

In the cages there were 17 lions. Bopo had brought a lion of his own, so that now there were 18. The oldest son then took half of the 18, which was nine; the second son took one third of the 18, which was six; and the youngest took one sixth of the 18, which was three. Add them all up and you get 17. And Bopo took back his own lion. Everyone was now happy.

This is how it was done and you can spend a million years looking for the catch.

## WHY, THE BIRDS ARE ALL MIXED UP!

CAN you unmix this? PILLS BOON If you do it correctly, you get the name of a bird. Have you got it?



1. SOW WALL
2. RING SALT
3. TEN NIL

4. MAIN STRAND
5. WAR SPARK—HOW?
6. 1. GOLF MAN
7. HANGING TILE
8. BRIDGE A RUG

The answers are on Page 20.

## Rupert and the Inventor—22



Rupert tries desperately to change his course and return to the earth, but nothing he does makes any difference. He is now above the trees where birds call to him in amazement and is travelling straight on towards a large building rising from the middle of a thick wood. "I still think that place is something doesn't stop me!" he gasps. Then he notices a huge, polished funnel sticking out from near the top of the building and realises that he is being pulled straight to it.

## Stamp To Honour Mountaineers

IMAGINE yourself climbing nearly five miles up a mountain and suddenly your oxygen supply runs out.

You rip off the mask and suck in deep breaths, trying all the time to get enough oxygen from the air to keep you alive. But the air is thin in those altitudes and there is little oxygen in it. Your head reels. You want to slump down in the snow and go to sleep.



Two Italian mountaineers fought off just that weakness when their oxygen ran out on Mount Godwin Austin last year. They battled on and they conquered this peak—the world's second highest at 28,250 ft.

These two brave men are Achille Compagnoni and Lino Lacedelli. Both are mountain guides. The leader of the expedition was Professor Ardito Desio, director of the geological institute of the University of Milan.

With him on the mountain were four other scientists and climbers. One of the climbers, Puchoz, died from pneumonia.

In honour of all these adventures, a fine stamp showing Mount Godwin Austin, also known as K2, is issued now by Pakistan, in whose territory the mountain stands.

The peak soars up in splendour from a glacier valley and looms stark against the blue sky in a way which would daunt all but the boldest climbers. The stamp is recess-printed, perforated 13 and costs 5d. in London. Very nice, too. — J. A. A.

## He Put His Foot In It

—That's How Willy Got "Stuck" in the Pond—

By MAX TRELL

THE telephone rang and Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, ran behind the bookcase to answer it. It wasn't the usual kind of telephone which is the reason why it wasn't in the usual kind of place. It was about as big as a peanut, with wires like threads.

### Who's There?

"Hello," Knarf said into the phone. "Who is it, please?"

It turned out to be Willy Toad who announced that he had very important news.

"Willy's got important news," Knarf said to Hanid.

"Find out what it is," said Hanid.

On asking Willy what his important news was, Knarf found out that Willy's foot was caught in the pond.

"Your foot is caught in the pond!" Knarf shouted into the phone. "How can your foot get caught in water?"

"That's it," said Willy. "There's no more water in the pond."

No more water? What happened to it?

### Ice Breaker Needed

"It does," said Willy. "It's all ice. My foot's stuck in the ice. I'd be obliged if you'd come down here with an ax and chop me out."



Teddy was carrying a heavy ax.

They rubbed Willy's foot with liniment and some salt and gave him hot soup to drink. About an hour later, Willy was hopping up and down as briskly as ever.

When Knarf and Hanid saw that Willy was completely recovered they asked him to tell how he had happened to get his foot caught in the ice.

"It's not very usual," said Hanid.

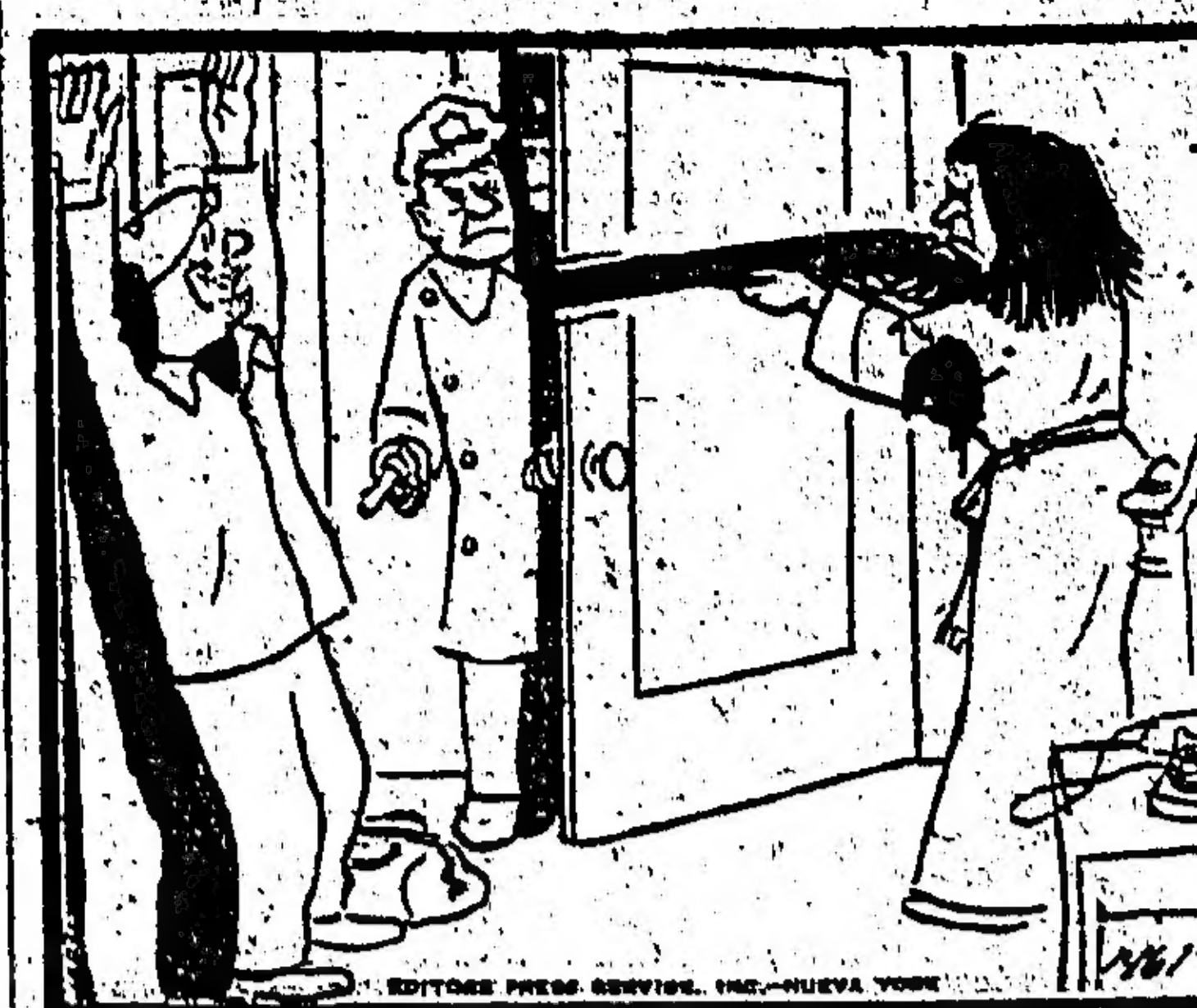
"Nothing that I ever do is usual," said Willy. "This is how it happened. I went down to the pond to pay a visit to my friend the Sunfish. He lives in the pond. When I got there I saw that the pond had a cover of ice on top of it. I didn't know how I could get to see my friend Sunny, so I started to chop my way through the ice. I just got my foot in when—"

### Protecting Feet

"So," continued Willy, "I knelt down and looked through the crack into the water below. Sure enough, there was Sunny, waving to me to come down. So I started sliding down through the crack. I just got my foot in when—"

"I know, the crack closed up," said Knarf.

Willy nodded. "That's the whole story!"



"Thank goodness you've come!"

## YOUR BIRTHDAY

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

BORN today, you are a natural leader in the field of ideas and there is more latent ability in your make-up than you recognise during early youth. It behooves parents of those born on this day to see that their children's natural inclinations are developed so that the germ of genius is nurtured. There is a natural sense of the dramatic, a definite gift for the written word and the ability to analyse character with almost psychic accuracy.

There is a high emotional torrent within which needs adequate expression and direction if it isn't to burst forth in fits of moodiness or violent temper. Self-control is of the utmost importance. That lesson, once learned, is one which must not be forgotten. A wrong word or deed might bring down a whole tower of success and you would have to start up again from the bottom.

While there may be alternating cycles of good and ill fortune throughout your life, you will reach the fame which you deserve if you are conscientious and cultivate will power. Let every obstacle serve as a new challenge!

Among those born on this date are: Chauncey M. Depew, statesman; William Shakespeare, Edwin Markham, poet; Arthur T. Hadley, educator; Barney Temple and Sumner S. Simon, film stars; Thomas Nelson Page, author, and James Buchanan, U.S. president.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 24

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) —Get into the country and let Recreation appropriate to a the beauties of nature inspire Sunday is well-favoured. If you and give you new zest for you are invited to the country, accept.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) —A fine day for an outing. Perhaps you can pile the whole family into the car for a pleasant picnic.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) —Make an attempt to catch up on any work. After church at 10, get out into the open for enjoyment.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) —Plan a social evening with the friends and close relatives. A world is probably taking to the picnic supper may be the read. Be careful, if driving in answer.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) —One of those days when the stars say you need to be a little more careful than usual.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) —If love makes the world go round, this should be one of your most whirling days! Romance is in the air.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) —Get into the country and let Recreation appropriate to a the beauties of nature inspire Sunday is well-favoured. If you and give you new zest for you are invited to the country, accept.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23) —You may find spiritual inspiration and real encouragement in the car for a pleasant picnic.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23) —Don't attempt too much on any work. After church at 10, get out into the open for enjoyment.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 19) —If the day is fine, then the friends and close relatives. A world is probably taking to the picnic supper may be the read. Be careful, if driving in answer.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) —The Mental relaxation is just as important as bodily rest. A change of scene might do you a lot of good.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) —round, this should be one of your most whirling days! Romance is in the air.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) —It may be your turn to catch the gold ring today. Be on the lookout for a prize opportunity! Tonight... likely to be one of those times.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) —Get into the country and let Recreation appropriate to a the beauties of nature inspire Sunday is well-favoured. If you and give you new zest for you are invited to the country, accept.

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## ZOO'S WHO



BIRDS OF EARLIER GEOLOGICAL AGES HAD TEETH LIKE THOSE OF SNAKES ACCORDING TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

THE VULTURE, EAGLE, CROW AND PARROT SOMETIMES REACH THE CENTURY MARK IN THEIR LONG LIVES.

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## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Tourney Comes Up  
With Sharp Play

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played last year in the world championship match at Monte Carlo, the American declarer got to six diamonds by means of the bidding shown in the diagram. The slam was a precarious contract, and the bidding cannot therefore be recommended, but the play had one or two points of interest.

Before we abandon the bidding, let's see where it went sour. South should have bid only two no-trump at his second turn. Such a jump rebid in no-trump shows balanced distribution, stoppers in the unbid suits, and a count of 18 to 21 points. This would have been a perfect description of the South hand.

When South actually bid three no-trump, he showed a hand that was too good for a bid of two no-trump. Hence he should have held at least 22 points, or at worst he might have held an exceptionally attractive 21-point hand. Give South about three extra points, and the slam isn't at all unreasonable.

West opened the six of spades against the actual contract of six diamonds. This strange choice was made on the theory that it was more important to

NORTH (D) 19			
♠	A J 10 8 2		
♥	9 7 6 2		
♦	K 8 5		
WEST			
♠	8 6 4 3 2		
♥	K 3		
♦	A 5		
♣	9 7 4 2		
EAST			
♠	K 10 9 7		
♥	5 4		
♦	J 8 4		
♣	J 10 6		
SOUTH			
♠	A Q 5		
♥	Q 9 7		
♦	K Q 10 3		
♣	A Q 3		
North-South vul.			
North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♦	Pass
1♥	Pass	3NT	Pass
6♦	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠6			

keep declarer in the dark as to the distribution than to give accurate information to the other defender.

It didn't make any difference in this hand, and the whole question is open to debate. It's hard to know when it's important to inform your partner and when it's more important to misinform the enemy.

East played the king of spades, and Don Oakie, the San Francisco expert, won the first trick with the ace of spades. Oakie next got to dummy with the king of clubs and led a low trump. East, naturally, played low, and Oakie put up the king of diamonds.

West took the trick with the ace of diamonds, and Oakie needed the rest. He led to the king of hearts, and then he finessed through East for the jack of diamonds. Both finesses succeeded, so Oakie made his slam.

West made a bad play, in my opinion, when he took the first trump-trick with his ace. If he had played his low trump without hesitation, declarer would naturally assume that East had the ace of diamonds. South would go back to dummy to lead another trump, and he would probably put up the queen of diamonds on the second trick. West would win with the ace, and East would then get another trump trick with the jack.

### CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 Club Pass 1 Diamond East  
2 Clubs Pass

You, South, hold: Spade 8, Hearts 9-7, Diamonds A-K-J-9-7-2, Clubs K-Q-5-3. What do you do?

A—Bid five clubs. There should be a very reasonable play for game even if North has a minimum opening bid. If North has two or three aces as part of his strength, he can even take a shot at six clubs.

### TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spade 8, Hearts 9-7, Diamonds A-K-J-9-7-2, Clubs A-7-5-3-2. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## TARGET

WORD GAMES

HOW many words of 4 or more letters can you make from the letters in the square below? The letters in the square are to be used only once each word must contain the letter 'I' in the centre square, and there must be at least one letter in the last. No plurals, no foreign words, and no proper nouns.

DAY'S TARGET: 30 words, good: 35 words, very good: 40 words, superb: 45 words, excellent: 50 words, superb: 55 words, excellent: 60 words, superb: 65 words, excellent: 70 words, superb: 75 words, excellent: 80 words, superb: 85 words, excellent: 90 words, superb: 95 words, excellent: 100 words, superb: 105 words, excellent: 110 words, superb: 115 words, excellent: 120 words, superb: 125 words, excellent: 130 words, superb: 135 words, excellent: 140 words, superb: 145 words, excellent: 150 words, superb: 155 words, excellent: 160 words, superb: 165 words, excellent: 170 words, superb: 175 words, excellent: 180 words, superb: 185 words, excellent: 190 words, superb: 195 words, excellent: 200 words, superb: 205 words, excellent: 210 words, superb: 215 words, excellent: 220 words, superb: 225 words, excellent: 230 words, superb: 235 words, excellent: 240 words, superb: 245 words, excellent: 250 words, superb: 255 words, excellent: 260 words, superb: 265 words, excellent: 270 words, superb: 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